



HARTSWOOD
FILMS

SHERLOCK SERIES 4

Episode 3 - "The Final
Problem"

Written by
MARK GATISS and STEVEN
MOFFAT

FINAL

SHOOTING SCRIPT 28.07.16

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Very close on an eye - a child's eye, closed, sleeping.

Light and shade are flickering across the closed lid. There is a jostling of motion.

Now the eye is fluttering open.

The eye, blinking sleepily. Then staring. Now the eye widening in shock, the pupil expanding.

Child's POV.

The airplane window, right next to her The plane is juddering, shaking - perfectly ordinary turbulence. Outside, stars, the sea far below.

Wider on the child - a LITTLE GIRL - blinking properly awake..

Looks round to her mother.

THE GIRL

Mummy?

Looks round the plane. The cabin lights are dimmed, everyone is sleeping.

The Girl's eyes widening, because -

- hanging in front of every passenger, untouched, are the oxygen masks. They sway eerily in the semi-darkness as the plane judders and jolts.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Mummy!

She pulls at her Mother's arm -

- and her Mother lolls against her. Stertorous breathing. Not just asleep, profoundly unconscious.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Mummy, wake up. *Wake up!!*

Nothing, no response -

- the plane lurches, buffets -

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Mummy!

And then, incongruously -

- the sound of a mobile phone ringing.

The Girl - *what??*

Somewhere on the plane a mobile phone is ringing. Confused, panicking, trying to locate the noise.

- the girl's eye is drawn to -

- in the aisle, a stewardess sprawls unconscious. Her body rolls as the plane shakes and shudders again -

- now panning along the aisle, to the door to the cockpit. It is flapping open, and through it we can see -

- the pilot, slumped sideways out of his chair.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Wake up! Please, mister, *wake up!*

- and the phones keep ringing -

The Girl: unbuckling her seatbelt. Now climbing past her mother.

She starts heading down the lurching aisle, grabbing the seatbacks to steady herself, picking her way over the sprawled stewardess, heading towards the cockpit ...

The plane judders and lurches, she's flung hard against one of the sleeping passengers -

- that phone ringing - close now, where is it, where is it?

Ah! She can see the light of the phone screen glowing through the netted pouch on the seat back.

She reaches for the phone, pulls it out, clicks it on.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Help me! Please, I'm on a plane,
and everyone's asleep, *help me!!*

A familiar voice.

MORIARTY

Hello. My name's Jim Moriarty.
Welcome to the final problem!

CUT TO:

THE OPENING TITLES

2

OLD MOVIE

2

A black and white film fills the screen.

It's a 1940s American Noir.

A rugged, uniformed COP (LEONARD) and a VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN (VELMA) with hair like Veronica Lake's are standing a little too close to each other.

LEONARD
You know I could arrest you.

VELMA
What for?

LEONARD
Wearing a dress like that.

VELMA
Would you like me to take it off?

LEONARD
Then I'd really have to press charges.

VELMA
Press away.

LEONARD
Don't tempt me.

VELMA
Why ever not? Isn't that how they got started?

LEONARD
Who?

VELMA
Adam and Eve.

LEONARD
Oh *them*.

VELMA
And that turned out ok.

LEONARD
You think so? I thought it was supposed to be the beginning of all human misery.

VELMA
It's never made *me* miserable.

LEONARD
What?

VELMA
Temptation.

LEONARD
Is that so?

VELMA

Uh-huh.

LEONARD

How do you manage?

VELMA

I struggle hard. Very hard. And then -

LEONARD

And then?

VELMA

I give in to it.

Pull back from the screen to reveal --

CUT TO:

3

INT. MYCROFT'S HOUSE. PRIVATE CINEMA - NIGHT.

3

-- the film is showing on an old projector in a private cinema.

There's only one, plush red velvet seat.

MYCROFT sits in it, as relaxed as we've ever seen him. Jacket off. Cup of tea. The film washes over his face.

He's enjoying himself.

On-screen:

VELMA

Now what was that about arresting me?

LEONARD

Well, maybe not arresting you...

VELMA

No?

LEONARD

I could just keep you under close watch.

Suddenly, the film flickers and, just for an instant, there's a colour frame in it.

Mycroft frowns.

VELMA

Very close?

LEONARD

Uh-huh -

Another flicker.

This time there are several colour frames.

Home movie footage.

A beach.

Sunshine.

A curly-haired little boy running across the sand.

Next to him, a sullen older boy. Mycroft stares at the screen.

The Noir film reappears.

VELMA

Shame. I was looking forward to putting myself into the hands of the authorities.

LEONARD

You were?

VELMA

Fingerprinting. Being searched.
Thoroughly...

Then the colour film reappears again.

The older boy glares at the camera.

Then the film blurs and cuts to -

A glamorous couple, smiling in the sunshine.

A very familiar couple.

Mr and Mrs Holmes, in their younger days...

Mycroft just stares - can't keep his eyes off the screen.

Suddenly the film starts to burn up.

Mycroft gets to his feet and stops the film.

A beam of dusty white light spears the darkness.

And on the screen, in blood red letters is written -

I'M BACK

Mycroft swallows.

He goes to the light switch.

Click.

The lights come on.

Mycroft goes to the door.

It won't open.

He rattles the door knob.

The lights go out.

Now there's only the dusty beam of the film projector to assuage the total darkness.

Mycroft turns, breathing a little harder.

Then, from out of the darkness, a chilling sound.

A little girl...*laughing*.

Mycroft freezes.

The laugh comes again, a teasing, childish giggle.

Then, running footsteps. As though a child were scampering across the floor.

Mycroft peers into the darkness.

No-one there.

Then, a soft, sibilant, teasing baby-ish girl's voice ...

GIRL'S VOICE

Mycroft...

Mycroft takes out his phone.

Dials a three digit number.

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Mycroft...

The phone rings. Then is answered.

MYCROFT

(into phone)

Protocol 784. Persephone.

This is clearly a pre-established MI6 distress call. But there is no reply.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Persephone is go!

No reply.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Are you there?

And then, from the phone...

GIRL'S VOICE
(on phone)
Mycroft...

Mycroft lowers the phone. Calmly puts it back into his trouser pocket.

Suddenly, the locked door *creeeeeeeeks* open.

Beat.

Mycroft looks out in the corridor beyond.

It's totally dark.

Then, at the end of the corridor, a small, soft light springs into life.

Mycroft considers.

Then he glances over to where his jacket is on a coat-hanger.

Hooked over this: his umbrella.

He grabs the umbrella by the handle.

Twists it.

Pulls off the furled section revealing it to be -

- *a sword!*

Armed with his bamboo-handled sword stick, Mycroft advances out into --

CUT TO:

4

INT. MYCROFT'S HOUSE. CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

4

- the corridor.

The soft glowing light at the end, suddenly dims as a small figure steps in front of it.

MYCROFT

Really, is there to be a parade of
all the cliches? I don't have time
for this.

GIRL'S VOICE

*We have time, brother dear. All the
time in the world...*

This impacts on Mycroft.

MYCROFT

Why don't you just show yourself
and get it over with?

The little girl's giggle sounds again.

Mycroft takes out his phone, activates the torch app.

In the glaring white light, dark ancestral portraits loom
down from the walls.

He advances slowly towards the figure at the end of the
corridor, sword in hand.

The figure is a little girl in pig-tails and a blue dress. We
can't yet make out her face.

Mycroft moves closer.

Closer...

Closer...

He brings the phone torch to bear on the girl's face but -

- *she has no face!!*

It's a life-like mannequin.

The sound of scampering feet -

- Mycroft whirls round. A tiny figure dashes off round the
corner.

GIRL'S VOICE

Mycroft...

Mycroft pursues...

CUT TO:

5

INT. MYCROFT'S HOUSE. SECOND CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

5

MYCROFT passes a suit of armour on the corner.

The girl giggles again.

MYCROFT

Who are you?

GIRL'S VOICE

You know who...

MYCROFT

Impossible.

GIRL'S VOICE

Nothing's impossible. You of all people know that...

Something makes Mycroft turn towards the portraits on the wall.

Georgians, Tudors. Perhaps they are ancient Holmes.

Suddenly, the pictures begin to weep blood.

It trickles from their painted eyes and mouths, pooling on the panelled woodwork.

GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*There's an East wind coming,
Mycroft. Coming to get you!*

A sound behind Mycroft. The suit of armour?

No.

From behind the armour has stepped - a CLOWN!

A horrible, grinning freakish clown in candy stripe costume. It grabs the sword from the suit of armour and raises it!

MYCROFT

You can't have got out. *You can't.*

Mycroft raises his umbrella sword -

- then, unexpectedly, he whips out his handkerchief, wraps it round his hand and grabs the blade of his sword. It folds neatly back on itself producing -

- a gun barrel!

Another twist of the handle, and a trigger appears.

Mycroft calmly aims the weapon and fires.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

The Clown stops in its tracks.

Then there's a clatter from close by.

Mycroft looks down.

Half a dozen bullets spill from the darkness across the floor.

GIRL'S VOICE

*No use, Mycroft. There's no
defence. And nowhere to hide...*

The Clown starts to move again!

Mycroft swings up his umbrella gun - but the clown smashes it away with its sword.

Mycroft flees down the darkened corridor, turning a corner into:

CUT TO:

7

INT. MYCROFT'S HOUSE. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

7

A sweeping staircase, a mighty front door. Moonlight streams through the grand window on the stairs, projecting a huge oblong of segmented moonlight over the entire hallway (as noir and surreal as we dare.)

Mycroft scrabbling, at the door, unable to open it for a moment -

- then a shadow is moving through the projected moonlight.

Mycroft looks up at staircase window, gapes.

Pulling back to an iconic shot - Mycroft cowering in the shadow now spread across the floor and wall: the most famous profile in the world, Sherlock Holmes in his deerstalker.

Holding on this for a moment. Then the shadow moves, as Sherlock opens the window and steps through.

MYCROFT

... Sherlock?

On Sherlock: just an eerie silhouette against the moonlight.

SHERLOCK

Brother mine.

MYCROFT

... help me..

A beat -

- then Sherlock puts his fingers to his mouth and blows the most almighty whistle

The lights come up.

Stepping from the shadows, the various players in the drama. The clown. The little girl, pulling off her mask to reveal a dwarf.

All suddenly very ordinary, and very real.

SHERLOCK

Experiment complete. Conclusion: I have a sister.

MYCROFT

... this was you? All of this, you?

SHERLOCK

Conclusion two: my sister - Eurus, apparently - has been incarcerated from an early age in a secure institution under my brother's control. Hey bro!

MYCROFT

Why would you do this? This pantomime, *why*?

SHERLOCK

Conclusion three: you are terrified of her.

MYCROFT

You have no idea what you're dealing with. None at all.

A voice from behind Mycroft.

JOHN

New information.

Mycroft whirls. The front door is open now, John is leaning in the doorway.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's out.

MYCROFT

... that's not possible.

SHERLOCK

(Coming down the stairs)
It's more than possible, she was John's therapist.

JOHN

Shot me in the face during a session.

SHERLOCK

Only with a tranquiliser.

JOHN

Yeah, and I still had ten minutes to go.

SHERLOCK

(to the players)

Right, you lot, Wiggins is at the gate, he's got your money. Don't spend it all in one crack den.

(To Mycroft)

We'll show ourselves out. I hope we didn't spoil your enjoyment of the movie.

He starts to head out.

MYCROFT

You're just *leaving*!

SHERLOCK

Well we're not staying here, Euros is coming - and someone's disabled all your security. Sleep well!

He sweeps out. Now just John and a severely shaken Mycroft.

MYCROFT

Dr. Watson, why did he do that to me. That was *insane*.

JOHN

Yeah, well someone convinced him you'd never tell the truth unless you were actually wetting yourself.

MYCROFT

Someone?

JOHN

Probably me.

John turns to the door.

MYCROFT

That's it, you're just going to go?

JOHN

Oh, don't worry. There's a place for people like you - the desperate, the terrified, the ones with nowhere else to run ...

MYCROFT

What place?

JOHN

221B Baker Street. See you in the morning. If there's a queue, wait in it.

Goes to the door -

MYCROFT

For God's sake, this is not one of your idiot cases.

JOHN

Oh, and you might want to close that window. There's an East Wind coming.

Slams out.

Mycroft looks up towards the grand window - the curtains stir in the breeze.

Mycroft's face: real fear.

CUT TO:

8

INT. 221 BAKER STREET - DAY.

8

Sherlock, in his chair, fingers steepled, eyes closed, waiting.

John, waiting in his chair, notebook at the ready. Fingers drumming, waiting.

The client chair, empty. Mycroft, stands a few feet behind. Out of place, unsure, indignant.

Mrs Hudson, standing in the doorway, arms folded, thoroughly enjoying his discomfiture.

MRS HUDSON

You have to sit in the chair. They won't talk to you unless you sit in the chair, it's the rules.

MYCROFT

For God's sake! *I'm not a client!*

John and Sherlock glance at each other.

SHERLOCK

Then get out.

A moment. A capitulation. Like very movement is a personal affront, Mycroft seats himself in the client chair.

MYCROFT

She's not going to stay there, is she?

Sherlock dismisses her with a nod of his head.

MRS HUDSON

(As she goes - to Mycroft)
Do you want a cup of tea?

MYCROFT

Thankyou.

MRS HUDSON

Kettle's over there.

She goes. A pained silence.

MYCROFT

What happens now? Are you going to make deductions?

SHERLOCK

I just want the truth, Mycroft.
Pure and simple.

MYCROFT

Who was it said "The truth is rarely pure and never simple"?

SHERLOCK

I don't know. I don't care.
(Fixes Mycroft with a
laser glare)
There were three of us. I know that now. You, me and ... Eurys.

Mycroft looks at his brother then at John. A big moment.

He nods.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The sister I can't remember.

Mycroft: nods again. Like he doesn't want to say these words out loud.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Interesting name. Greek, isn't it?

JOHN

(Looking at a note he's made)
Literally, the God of the East Wind.

MYCROFT

Yes.

SHERLOCK
The *East Wind*.

MYCROFT
Yes.

SHERLOCK
"The East Wind is coming,
Sherlock!" You used that to scare
me.

MYCROFT
No.

SHERLOCK
You turned my sister into a ghost
story to bully me.

MYCROFT
Of course I didn't. I *monitored*
you.

JOHN
You *what*?

MYCROFT
Memories can resurface. Wounds can
reopen. The roads we walk have
demons beneath - and yours have
been waiting for a very long time.
I never bullied you. I used, at
discreet intervals, potential
trigger words, to update myself on
your mental condition. I was
looking after you.

SHERLOCK
Why don't I remember her?

He glances at John.

MYCROFT
This is a private matter...

SHERLOCK

John stays.

MYCROFT

This is *family*.

SHERLOCK

That's why he's staying.

Beat. Mycroft simmers but accepts.

JOHN

So. There were three Holmes kids.
What was the age gap?

MYCROFT

Seven years between myself and
Sherlock, one year between Sherlock
and Eurus.

JOHN

Middle child - explains a lot. And
did she have it too?

MYCROFT

Have what?

JOHN

The deduction thing.

MYCROFT

(disdainful)
The *deduction thing*?

JOHN

Yes.

MYCROFT

More than you can know.

JOHN

Enlighten me.

MYCROFT

You realise I'm the smart one -

SHERLOCK

As you never cease to announce.

MYCROFT

- but Eurus ... she was ...
incandescent. Even then. Our
abilities were professionally
assessed, more than once. I was
described as an era-defining
genius. Eurus was described as
beyond Newton.

SHERLOCK

So. Why don't I remember her?

MYCROFT

You do remember her. In a way.
Every choice you have ever made,
every path you have taken - the man
you are today *is* your memory of
Eurus.

On Mycroft's face - sunlight dapples across it, like he's now
seeing into the past ...

CUT TO:

9

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY.

9

Mycroft's POV - a flashback.

He is observing three children playing by a river.

They are a boy of thirteen (Mycroft), a curly haired boy of
six in a skull and crossbones hat (Sherlock), and a girl, of
five, in a blue dress and pigtails. The girl in the pigtails
keeps her back to us. (She has a little toy in her hand,
which we don't focus, but she keeps throughout.)

With them is a bouncy red setter - REDBEARD.

The sun dazzles on the water.

MYCROFT

(V.O.)

She was different from the beginning. She knew things she should never have known. As if she was somehow aware of truths beyond the normal scope -

The little girl (Eurus) snaps her head round to look straight at the camera!

LITTLE EURUS

You look funny grown up.

CUT TO:

10

INT. 221 BAKER STREET - DAY

10

Mycroft still in his chair in Baker Street, startling out of his reverie.

JOHN

What's wrong?

MYCROFT

Sorry. The memories are ... disturbing.

SHERLOCK

In what way? Examples! Illustrate!

MYCROFT

They found her with a knife once. She seemed to be cutting herself. Mother and father were terrified, they thought it was a suicide attempt - but when I asked Eurus what she was doing, she said:

And suddenly, Little Eurus is there, standing in front of the fireplace, looking icily at Mycroft.

LITTLE EURUS

I wanted to see how my muscles worked.

JOHN

... jesus.

MYCROFT

I asked her if it hurt. She didn't understand the question. So I asked her if she could feel pain. She said:

She's back in front of Mycroft, cocking her head, quizzically.

LITTLE EURUS
Which one's pain?

Sherlock and John, exchanging a glance. Wow!

SHERLOCK
So what happened?

Abruptly Mycroft gets so this feet, takes a couple of strides -

- on his feet as the carpet gives way to crunching gravel.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL - DAY

11

Wider: Mycroft, Sherlock and John are in the grounds of a large, rambling gothic house.

MYCROFT
Musgrave...

SHERLOCK
Where we were brought up. The ancestral home.

He gestures to:

Close by - an overgrown family burial plot. Gravestones weathered by time, the names mostly unreadable. Just dates visible.

One reads 134?-1719

Another 28.9.1520

Another 1818 (aged 24 and 26)

And one visible name:

NEMO HOLMES 1617- 1822 (aged 32)

MYCROFT
This is where we played pirates.
And there was always honey for tea...

He's now gesturing to the overgrown pirate ship climbing frame in the grounds, where the children are playing. Little Sherlock is dressed as a pirate.

A voice from inside: Mrs Holmes.

MRS HOLMES (V.O.)
Come on, you lot!

CUT TO:

12 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. KITCHEN - DAY.

12

The three children are grouped around a large kitchen table. The back door is open, letting summer sunshine flood inside.

Young MYCROFT is eating - a lot.

Young SHERLOCK - still dressed as a pirate - is picking at his food, aware that EURUS, sitting across the way is staring at him. (No emphasis on this, but there is fourth plate set at the children's table)

Eurus sings a lilting song, just under her breath.

EURUS

"I that am lost, oh who will find
me? Deep down below the old beech
tree."

Eurus is looking directly at Sherlock. Something wicked in her eye. Something horrible in her smile. Mrs Holmes - the younger version - comes bustling in, ruffles Sherlock's hair.

YOUNG MRS HOLMES

Oh dear! Where's Red Beard got to
then?

She bustles on, not seeing little Sherlock's frown, as his gaze is caught, in his sister's increasingly sinister smile.

EURUS

"Help succour me now the east winds
blow. Sixteen by six, brother, and
under we go!"

Young Sherlock staring at her - something is wrong. He then slides back his chair and races outside.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL. GROUNDS - DAY.

13

Young SHERLOCK races through the dense, wooded grounds of the estate, passing the gravestones again.

We pull back to reveal the older SHERLOCK, MYCROFT and JOHN looking on.

JOHN

Redbeard?

SHERLOCK

My dog.

MYCROFT

She took Redbeard and locked him
up. Somewhere no-one could find
him.

(MORE)

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

And she refused to say where he was.

CUT TO:

14

INT. 221 BAKER STREET - DAY.

14

MYCROFT

She'd only repeat that song. Her little ... ritual.

SHERLOCK

(to himself)

"I that am lost, oh who will find me? Deep down below the old beech tree. Help succour me now the east winds blow ...

MYCROFT

Sixteen by six, brother, and under we go! You're starting to remember.

SHERLOCK

Fragments. What happened to Redbeard?

MYCROFT

Exactly what do you remember of him?

SHERLOCK

He was my dog, he died. Just tell me.

MYCROFT

(A beat - a decision)

We never found him. But she started calling him drowned redbeard, so we made our assumptions.

Beat.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Sherlock was traumatised. Natural, I suppose - he was, in the early days, an emotional child. But after that he was different. So changed. Never spoke about it again. In time, he seemed to forget that Eurys had ever even existed -

JOHN

How could he forget, she was living in the same house!

MYCROFT
No. They took her away.

CUT TO:

15 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. KITCHEN - DAY. 15

EURUS sits on a chair, a big smile on her face. Behind her, there is a policeman, taking notes.

JOHN (V.O.)
Why?

CUT TO:

16 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 16

JOHN
You don't lock a kid up because a dog goes missing.

MYCROFT
Quite so. It was what happened immediately afterwards...

CUT TO:

17 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. EURUS' ROOM - NIGHT. 17

EURUS sits alone on her bed, still smiling her unnerving, beatific smile.

She gets down onto the floor and starts leafing through a pile of papers.

They're all children's paintings.

Stick figure versions of the Holmes family and the looming Musgrave Hall.

Each figure has a name next to it.

'Mummy'. 'Daddy'. 'Mycroft'. 'Eurus'.

Then 'Sherlock'.

But the Sherlock figure has been viciously crossed out.

As Eurus sorts through the paintings, we see that in each one, Sherlock's image has been erased or stabbed at or scrawled through.

Arguing voices from below. Mummy and Daddy. What are they saying?

MR HOLMES

(From off)

But she *knows* where he is!

MRS HOLMES

(From off)

We can't make her tell us. We can't make her do *anything*!

Eurus is pulling something from her dress.

A box of matches.

She shakes the box then takes out a single match and strikes it. Then she sets light to the pictures.

She steps back and surveys her work as the fire takes hold.

The flames dance in her eyes.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL - DAY.

18

The smoking ruins of the hall. Mycroft looks on.

CUT TO:

19 INT. 221 BAKER STREET - DAY.

19

-- Baker Street, resuming his seat.

MYCROFT

After that, our sister had to be taken away.

SHERLOCK

Where?

MYCROFT

Oh, some suitable place, or so everyone thought. Not suitable, enough, however - she died there.

JOHN

How?

MYCROFT

She started another fire. One which she did not survive.

SHERLOCK

This is a lie.

MYCROFT

Yes. It is also a kindness. This is the story I told our parents - to spare them further pain and to account for the absence of an identifiable body.

SHERLOCK

And also to prevent their further interference -

MYCROFT

That too, of course. The depth of Eurys's psychosis, and the extent of her abilities, could not hope to be contained in any ordinary institution. Uncle Rudi took care of things.

SHERLOCK

Where is she? Where's our sister?

MYCROFT

... there is a place. Called Sherrinford. An island ...

The wall behind Mycroft falls to darkness -

- then fades up as an image of castle-like structure on an island, as if he were sitting on beach.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

It's a secure and very secret installation whose sole purpose is to contain what we call the uncontainables. The demons beneath the road - this is where we trap them.

Another angle on Mycroft, and we lose the image of the island fortress.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Sherrinford is more than a prison or an asylum - it is a fortress built to keep the rest of the world safe from what's inside it. Heaven may be a fantasy for the credulous and the afraid - but I can give you a map reference for hell. That is where our sister has been since early childhood. She has not left, not for a single day. Whoever you both met, it can't have been her.

And on that word "her" the breaking of a window. All the three men startle out of their chairs, looking towards the back of the flat -

A rising whine of machinery. Something is back there in the flat.

- and now coming from Sherlock's bedroom, is a sing-song voice, that could almost be a child.

EURUS

(V.O.)

Be not afraid to walk in the shade
Save one, save all, come try!
My steps - five by seven
Life is closer to Heaven
Look down, with dark gaze, from on
high.

MYCROFT

Eurus! Oh dear God, Eurus!

And now the whine of machinery gets a little louder, and floating through the door of Sherlock's bedroom ...

... an eerily hovering drone. On top, some machinery is mounted, including a little speaker, from which the voice comes.

EURUS

(V.O.)

Before he was gone - right back
over my hill. Who now will find
him? Why, nobody will.
Doom shall I bring to him, I that
am queen. Lost forever, nine by
nineteen.

JOHN

What is it?

SHERLOCK

A drone.

The drone, now passing right in front of John's face, terrifying close.

JOHN

I can see that, what's it carrying?

EURUS

(V.O.)

Without your love, he'll be gone
before. Save pity for strangers,
show love the door.
My soul seek the shade of my
willow's bloom. Inside, brother
mine - Let Death make a room.

On top of the drone, beside the little speaker, is what looks like a silver egg, about the size of a grenade.

MYCROFT

Both of you stay back, stay as
still as possible.

The drone is slowly descending to the floor. It now sits there. (The three men - having moved around as the drone entered - now stand so that Sherlock and John are by the windows, and Mycroft by the open door to the stairs.)

SHERLOCK

The silver thing on top. What is it?

MYCROFT

A DX-707. I've authorised the purchase of quite a number of these. Colloquially, it is known as the patience grenade.

JOHN

Patience?

A light has flicked on on the silver egg.

MYCROFT

The motion sensor has activated. If any of us move, the grenade will detonate.

SHERLOCK

How powerful?

MYCROFT

It will certainly destroy this flat, and kill anyone in it. Assuming walls of reasonable strength, your neighbours should be safe, but as it's resting on the floor, I am moved to wonder if the cafe below is open.

SHERLOCK

(Shake of head)
Sunday morning.

JOHN

What about Mrs Hudson?

And from below, in the silence, we hear a vacuum cleaner.

CUT TO:

20

INT. MRS HUDSON'S KITCHEN - DAY

20

Mrs Hudson, vacuuming, singing cheerfully away.

CUT TO:

21 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

21

The three men, listening.

MYCROFT
... how long has she been
vacuuming?

SHERLOCK
Going by her usual pattern, she has
about two minutes left.

JOHN
She keeps the vacuum cleaner at the
back of her flat.

MYCROFT
So?

JOHN
Safer there? When she's putting it
away?

They look at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We have to move eventually, we
should choose when she's safest,
yeah?

SHERLOCK
Okay. Once the vacuum cleaner stops
we give her eight seconds to get to
the back of her flat - she's fast
when she's cleaning - then we move.
(To Mycroft)
What's the trigger response time -
once we're mobile how long before
detonation.

MYCROFT
We have a maximum of three seconds
to vacate the blast radius.

SHERLOCK
John and I will take the window.
You take the stairs. Help Mrs
Hudson get out too.

MYCROFT
Me??

SHERLOCK
You're the closest to the stairs.

MYCROFT
You're faster.

SHERLOCK

The speed differential will be less critical than the distance.

MYCROFT

(Oh shit)

Yes, agreed.

JOHN

(Listening)

She's further away now - moving to the back.

SHERLOCK

We have approximately one minute then. Is a phone call possible?

MYCROFT

A phone call?

SHERLOCK

John has a daughter. He may wish say goodbye.

MYCROFT

I'm sorry, Dr. Watson. Any movement will set the grenade off. I hope you understand.

John: says nothing for a moment. Finally:

JOHN

Oscar Wilde.

MYCROFT

I'm sorry?

JOHN

He said "The truth is rarely pure and never simple" It was in "The Importance Of Being Earnest", we did it at school.

MYCROFT

So did we, now that I recall.

(Sad smile, so long ago)

I was Lady Bracknell.

SHERLOCK

Yeah. You were great actually.

MYCROFT

Did you really think so?

SHERLOCK

Yes, I really did.

MYCROFT

Well that's good to know. I always wondered.

Below, the vacuum cleaner stops.

They look at each other.

SHERLOCK

Good luck, boys! 3 ... 2 ...
1 ... GO!

Hyper slow motion.

- Mycroft starts to spin towards the stairs -
- John and Sherlock whirl, start diving for the windows -
- on the silver grenade, as it starts to crack and burst -
- now in lunar silence, all the icons of the famous flat, flashing into flame -
- the dagger in the mantle -
- the smiley face -
- the skull portrait -
- the violin -
- crashing suddenly to black.

Then finally -

BOOOOMM!!!!

CUT TO:

22

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

22

On the two windows, and the most iconic shot in the show ever: John and Sherlock, in extreme slow motion, come crashing through the windows, as the explosion blooms behind them.

Dropping slowly out frame, as the pictures fades to darkness.

Darkness continues for as long as we dare. Then:

In the ear ringing silence, we start to hear a most familiar thing -

- the shipping forecast ...

ANNOUNCER

Humber, Thames. Southeast veering southwest 4 or 5, occasionally 6 later.

DISSOLVE TO:

23

EXT. SEA - NIGHT.

23

A howling, scary gale at sea, the water thrashed into lurching waves by the screaming wind.

ANNOUNCER

Thundery showers. Moderate or good, occasionally poor...

Through the spray, a tiny point of light.

A small ship, bobbing insecurely in the maelstrom...

CUT TO:

24

INT. SHIP. CABIN - NIGHT.

24

Inside, the cabin lurches like a roller-coaster.

A young crewman, BEN, pale as death, is clinging onto the furniture in the cabin for dear life.

The ship's radio is on. The shipping forecast.

An older crewman, VINCE, staggers into the cabin. He laughs as he sees Ben's face.

VINCE

Go on, son. Get it out. Better out than in!

BEN

Is it always like this?

VINCE

No.

BEN

Thank God.

VINCE

(cackles)

Usually much worse.

ANNOUNCER

Tyne, Dogger. Northeast 3 or 4. Occasional rain. Moderate or poor.

BEN

Might go and work in a bank.
(Frowns, listens, looks
up)
Is that a helicopter?

VINCE

Nah, not this weather.

But you could almost swear you could hear one, just under the
wind.

ANNOUNCER

*Rockall, Malin, Hebrides. Southwest
gale 8 to storm 10, veering west,
severe gale 9 to violent storm 11.*

BEN

A bank sounds good right now.

ANNOUNCER

Sherrinford.

Ben's ears prick up.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Sherrinford.

BEN

You hear that?

ANNOUNCER

***Sherrinford. Sherrinford.
Sherrinford. Sherrinford.***

The radio crackles and the shipping forecast resumes
normally...

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

*...Rain, then squally showers.
Poor, becoming moderate.*

BEN

Never heard that one before...

ANNOUNCER

*Southeast Iceland. North 7 to
severe gale 9. Heavy snow
showers...*

BEN

Sherrinford?

Vince's face falls.

VINCE

Forget you ever heard it.

BEN

What?

VINCE

Sometimes ... when we're in these
waters we get that message ...
Forget about it.

BEN

But -

Vince makes a 'zipping' motion across his mouth.

ANNOUNCER

...Good, becoming poor in showers.

Moderate icing...

BANG!

Ben and Vince look up.

Something has landed heavily on the roof of the ship...

CUT TO:

25

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT.

25

BEN and VINCE appear on the heaving deck. Looking round, flashing their torches They see someone. What??

VINCE

Who the hell are you??

A thin figure in the darkness, impossibly steady on the swaying deck - now stepping into the torchlight.

SHERLOCK

My name is Sherlock Holmes.

They stare at him.

BEN

The detective?

SHERLOCK

No.

A clatter from behind, BEN and Vince turn - there's John Watson, gun drawn.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The pirate.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. SHERRINFORD - DAY.

26

The dawn sky. Panning down to:

Heavily ARMED GUARDS patrol the perimeter of a massive, mid-Victorian fort. 'Sherrinford' is composed of several stone towers on an a small, rocky island.

This is the island and fortress in Mycroft's story.

CUT TO:

27 INT. SHERRINFORD. MAIN HALL - DAY.

27

Inside, though, is completely different. If we're expecting gothic gloom, it's quite the opposite. More like a modern art gallery. Clinical white walls (perhaps with stonework details) predominate and there's an atmosphere of calm efficiency. Staff pad around the huge room in soft-soled shoes.

On an upper gallery there's a control room, monitoring the whole place.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SHERRINFORD. CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

28

A panoramic window on the 'bridge' looks out onto the rocky shore of the island.

In front of a bank of screens, an anxious TECHNICIAN is speaking on a head mike. There's a visible blip on a radar screen in front of him.

TECHNICIAN

Golf Whiskey X-Ray, this is a restricted area. Repeat, restricted area. You are off course. Are you receiving me?

From the blu-tooth, a crackle of static and confused voices.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Golf Whiskey X-Ray, you are off course, are you receiving me?

More crackling, then, indistinctly, JOHN's voice!

JOHN (V.O.)

Receiving you. This is a distress call! Repeat: distress call. We're in trouble here!!

TECHNICIAN

Golf Whiskey X-Ray, what is your situation?

Static.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Golf Whiskey X-Ray. Golf Whiskey X-Ray, are you still there?

Static.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Golf Whiskey X-Ray - where are you
now?

JOHN (V.O.)
We're headed for the rocks - we're
going to hit!

Blast of static!

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SHORE - DAY

29

Several of the uniformed guards, racing across the beach
towards -

- we whip pan to Ben and Vince sitting by some rocks, back to
back, wound in rope.

The guards, stumbling to a halt, a few feet from Ben and
Vince -

- because something is scrawled in the wet sand, just below
the two men.

TELL MY SISTER I'M HERE.

CUT TO:

30 SCENE OMITTED

30

31 INT. SHERRINFORD. 'BRIDGE' - DAY

31

Now there's activity - alarm sounding, people moving fast.
It's efficient, calm, but clearly an emergency.

TANNOY VOICE
Lock Down in progress. Lock down
progress. Please proceed to
designated red stations. Please
proceed to designated red stations.

The voice on the tannoy is just a little familiar. A slight
Irish lilt. (In other words, the tannoy sounds like Jim
Moriarty - just changed enough that the audience should be
frowning, unsure - was that him?)

Striding into the room, on his mobile, the Governor.

THE GOVERNOR
I need to speak to Mycroft.

He's heading up the steps to the bank of screens.

CUT TO:

32

INT. MI5 - DAY

32

Sir Edwin, on the phone - he looks tensed, cross.

SIR EDWIN
He's in hospital - there was an
explosion -

THE GOVERNOR
Put me through to the hospital.

SIR EDWIN
He's not conscious, he's severely
injured - no one is confident that
he's even going to recover -

THE GOVERNOR
(Cutting brutally across)
Where's his brother? Where's
Sherlock Holmes?

SIR EDWIN
Missing.

THE GOVERNOR
No, he's not. He's here.

On Sir Edwins's face: oh dear God!

TECHNICIAN
Sir?

The Governor looks round. The technician is pointing to one
of the screen.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Found two more from the boat.

On the screen - footage as from a phone.

Two men - one of them is clearly John Watson. The other looks
like a boatman, thick set, bearded. They both have their
hands up, as if being held at gun point by the holder of the
phone. The Boatman is protesting in thick Cornish accent (we
should barely hear this.)

BOATMAN
He stole our boat. Him and the
other fella - with guns.

THE GOVERNOR
Where did you find them?

We now hear the voice of the holder of the phone.

LANDERS
(Scottish accent)
North side of the island, sir.

The Governor looking hard at the screen.

Governor's POV. Closer on John - now panning over to the Boatman, still protesting. (This camera close up and move is OURS not the security guard's.)

THE GOVERNOR
Holding cell, now.

CUT TO:

33 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

33

Bare little room. A mirror that's probably for observation. John and the Boatman sitting at a table waiting.

Landers - the security guard who caught them - stands just to the side of the door, waiting -

- just as the door opens, the Governor steps in.

Immediately, the Boatman is on his feet.

BOATMAN
This is a mistake, I'm the victim here. This man stole my boat, he's a pirate.

JOHN
I am, technically, a pirate.

THE GOVERNOR
Please sit down.

BOATMAN
I don't even know who he is!

THE GOVERNOR
He's Dr. John Watson, formerly of the fifth Northumberland Fusiliers. What are you doing here?

JOHN
It's a hospital - any work?

THE GOVERNOR
It's not a hospital.
(To Landers)
(MORE)

THE GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

I want eyes on Eurus Holmes - go straight to the Special Unit, deploy green and yellow shift on my authority.

He's passes a little credit-card sized pass to Landers.

LANDERS

Sir, I can't leave you alone with the prisoners -

But the Governor is already opening the door for him, practically bundling him out.

THE GOVERNOR

If there's any change in her condition, report to me in person, no one else.

Closes the door on him.

He turns to the two men.

THE GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

I'm sparing your blushes because we're supposed to be on the same side and this is embarrassing.

JOHN

Is it going to be a cavity search?

THE GOVERNOR

The true art of disguise - according to your famous friend - is not being looked at.

(to the Boatman)

But I'm looking at you - aren't I, Mr. Holmes?

A silence. The Boatman relaxes.

BOATMAN

(Still Cornish)

Yes, you are.

JOHN

But that's the point, I'm afraid.

The Boatman rips off his disguise -

- *revealing Mycroft Holmes.*

JOHN (CONT'D)

Because you should have been looking at the guy you just gave your pass to.

CUT TO:

34 INT. SHERRINFORD - CORRIDOR - DAY

34

On Lander, marching through the bridge, to a corridor flanked by lifts.

As he gets into the lift, he turns to face us -

- in the most minimal disguise, Landers is clearly Sherlock Holmes.

He touches the card to the lift console, the doors slide shut.

(NB - Sherlock's disguise should be tiny. Maybe a moustache, or dark glasses. Daringly minimalist. We pull this off by never focussing on him, keeping him at the back of shot, emphasising the more "operatic" performance from Mycroft. Ideally, when you rewind, you should be astonished that you didn't see Benedict standing there.)

CUT TO:

35 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

35

The Governor, raging. Mycroft is adjusting his appearance in the mirror.

MYCROFT

The trouble with uniforms and name badges is people stop looking at faces. You'd be better off with clown outfits - at least they'd be satirically relevant.

JOHN

You'll find the real Landers on the North shore. Tied up with two others.

THE GOVERNOR

Two others?

JOHN

Trial and error. We had trouble finding the right waistband.

THE GOVERNOR

This is insane. This is *unnecessary*.

JOHN

Your security is compromised. We don't know who we can trust.

THE GOVERNOR

And that justifies dressing up??

Mycroft turns from the mirror - and he is thunderous.

MYCROFT

Yes! It! Does! It justifies any dressing up or any damn thing I say it does. Now listen! For your physical safety, do not speak. Do not indulge in any non-verbal signals suggestive of internal thought. If the safety of my sister is compromised, if the security of my sister is compromised, if the incarceration of my sister is compromised - in short, if I find any indication that my sister may have left this island at any time, then I swear to you ... *you will not.*

(A beat)

Say thankyou to Dr. Watson.

THE GOVERNOR

... why?

MYCROFT

He talked me out of Lady Bracknell. This could have been very different.

(Touches hand to ear)

Are you in?

CUT TO:

36

INT. SHERRINFORD - ENTRANCE TO SPECIAL UNIT - DAY

36

We're somewhere deep beneath Sherrinford - you can feel the depth and the pressure. Sherlock is at the end of rock-hewn corridor, and pair of gleaming white double doors, the smiley face insignia on both.

SHERLOCK

Just arriving at the special unit.
Explain.

He touches his card to the reader. There is chime somewhere. The light on the camera above the door blinks on.

CUT TO:

37

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

37

Intercutting Mycroft and Sherlock.

MYCROFT

Prison within a prison. Eurus must be allowed a strict minimum of human interaction.

SHERLOCK

Why?

MYCROFT

Since you insist on meeting her, you're about to find out.

TANNOY VOICE

Door opening.

Again, that slight Irish lilt. Familiar?

We see the thought flicker across Sherlock's face -

But then the doors in front of Sherlock hum open. From within, eerie and distant, violin music. Sad - almost unbearable so.

A guard standing on the other side. Sherlock holds up his card.

SHERLOCK

Eyes on Eurus Holmes - governor's orders.

The guard checks the card, steps back to admit Sherlock.

On Sherlock -

- visibly steeling himself, as he steps in.

As the doors slide shut.

TANNOY VOICE

Door closing.

(A beat, then)

Hee hee!

CUT TO:

38

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

38

Mycroft turning to the governor.

MYCROFT

Answer yes or no. Has there ever been - against my express instructions - any attempt at a psychiatric evaluation of Eurus Holmes?

THE GOVERNOR

Yes.

On Mycroft's face: a whole winter of disdain.

MYCROFT

I presume the tapes are in my office.

THE GOVERNOR

Your office?

MYCROFT

Cast your mind back - it used to be yours.

Mycroft is already opening the door -

CUT TO:

39

INT. SHERRINFORD - SPECIAL UNIT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

39

Antechamber to Eurus's cell. Like a control room. Glass and steel, banks of monitors. Centrally place, doors to the her cell, currently closed. There are the technicians and guards - some of them wear headphones.

On Sherlock, looking around this strange new place. The violin music - aching, sad, continuous.

On one of the of the monitors - footage of the cell's occupant. A woman, in a white smock. Playing the violin. Her head is bowed, we can't see her face.

THE GUARD

You haven't been down here before, have you? Silence Of The Lambs, basically.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry.

THE GUARD

Keep your distance, stay at least three feet from the glass, all that.

Sherlock, looking around. SO many

SHERLOCK

Why the headphones?

THE GUARD

She doesn't stop playing. Sometimes for weeks.

SHERLOCK
It's beautiful.

THE GUARD
Kills you in the end.

SHERLOCK
Still beautiful.

The Guard opening the doors.

THE GUARD
Good luck.

Sherlock - now stepping through the doors.

CUT TO:

40

INT. SHERRINFORD - EURUS'S CELL - DAY

40

A big oval of a room - one half painted black, one half painted white. The room is bisected by a glass screen, separating the visitors half (the black) from the Euruss (the white.)

On the glass there is a sign. MAINTAIN DISTANCE OF THREE FEET.

At one side there is a drawer, for objects to be passed from one side of the room to the other.

As Sherlock slowly enters, he sees his sister, her back to him, playing the violin. (The violin still sounds a little tinny and compressed, as being heard through a speaker.)

He closes the door behind him - the music suddenly snaps to silence.

Eurus has frozen, eerily still - a slight figure in her smock, bowed over the violin.

Sherlock freezes too. Unnerved, in spite of himself.

Then she starts playing.

On Sherlock, slightly unsure what to do.

SHERLOCK
Eurus?

Nothing. She just plays on.

CUT TO:

41 VIDEO TAPE 41

Video footage of an interview, Eurys is in close-up, but her head is bowed, her face hidden by her hair. She speaks without looking up.

EURUS
Why am I here?

MAN'S VOICE
Why do you think you're here.

EURUS
No one ever tells me.

CUT TO:

42 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY 42

Sherlock steps towards the glass screen.

Immediately Eurus plays a discordant series of notes.

He startles back again.

CUT TO:

43 VIDEO TAPE 43

EURUS
Am I being punished?

MAN'S VOICE
Have you been bad?

EURUS
There's no such thing as bad.

CUT TO:

44 INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY 44

John, Mycroft and the Governor are watching this on the screen.

MAN'S VOICE
(On screen)
What about good?

EURUS
(On screen)
Good and bad are fairy tales.
(MORE)

EURUS (CONT'D)
We have evolved to attach an
emotional significance to what is
nothing more than the survival
strategy of the pack animal.

CUT TO:

45 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

45

Eurus plays, Sherlock waits.

CUT TO:

46 INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

46

EURUS
(On screen)
We are conditioned to invest
divinity in utility. Good isn't
really good. Evil isn't really
wrong. Bottoms aren't really
pretty. You're a prisoner of your
own meat.

MAN'S VOICE
Why aren't you?

On the screen as Eurus raises her head. Those eyes, focussed
like lasers.

EURUS
I'm too clever.

CUT TO:

47 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

47

Abruptly Eurus stops playing. Doesn't turn.

EURUS
Did you bring it?

SHERLOCK
... I'm sorry?

EURUS
My hairband. Did you bring it, like
I asked.

On Sherlock: uncharacteristically thrown.

SHERLOCK

... I'm not one of the - I don't
work here -

EURUS

My special hairband.

SHERLOCK

I'm not one of your doctors.

EURUS

The one I made you steal from
Mummy.

On Sherlock. Freezing. Realising she is talking to him. She
doesn't think he's a doctor, she knows exactly who he is.

Now, she turns. Sherlock and his sister, face to face,
through the glass.

Finally:

EURUS (CONT'D)

It was the last thing I said to
you. The day they took me away.

SHERLOCK

No.

EURUS

No?

SHERLOCK

We've spoken since then. You came
to my flat. A few weeks ago. You
pretended to be a woman called
Faith Smith - we had chips.

EURUS

Does this mean you didn't bring my
hairband?

SHERLOCK

How did you get out of this place?
How did you do that?

EURUS

Easy. Look at me.

SHERLOCK

I am looking at you.

FAITH

You can't see it, can you. You try
and try, but you just can't see.
You can't *look*.

SHERLOCK

See what?

She holds up her violin.

EURUS

What do you think?

SHERLOCK

Beautiful.

EURUS

You're not *looking* at it.

SHERLOCK

I meant your playing.

EURUS

Oh, the music. I never know if it's beautiful or not. Only if it's right.

SHERLOCK

Often they're the same thing.

EURUS

If they're not *always* the same thing, what's the point in beauty? Look at the violin.

SHERLOCK

I need to know how you escaped.

EURUS

Look at the violin.

Finally, he glances down at the violin in her hands. Realises.

SHERLOCK

... it's a Stradivarius.

EURUS

It's a gift.

SHERLOCK

Who from?

EURUS

Me.

She moves to the drawer at the side of the glass wall, places the violin and bow inside, slides it through to Sherlock's side.

Sherlock extracts the violin, examines it, impressed.

SHERLOCK

Why?

EURUS

You play, don't you?

SHERLOCK

How did you know?

EURUS

How did I *know*??

Sherlock, looking at her bemused. She's almost looking hurt now. Genuinely upset.

EURUS (CONT'D)

I taught you. Don't you remember?
How can you not remember that?

SHERLOCK

Eurus ... I don't remember you at all.

She stares at him. For the first time, surprised.

EURUS

Oh, interesting. Mycroft told me you're rewritten your memories. He didn't tell me you'd written me out completely.

SHERLOCK

What do you mean, rewritten?

EURUS

You still don't know about Redbeard, do you? Oh, this is going to be such a good day.

THE GOVERNOR

(V.O.)

Every one we put in there ...

CUT TO:

48

INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

48

Mycroft and the Governor. In the background, John is watching the tape of the Eurus interview. (Throughout the following Eurus's taped conversation continues, heard only faintly.)

THE GOVERNOR

... it's hard to describe. It's like she -

MYCROFT
Recruited them.

THE GOVERNOR
Enslaved them.

MYCROFT
She was capable of that at *seven*.
She's an adult now. I warned you. I
ordered you.

THE GOVERNOR
She is clinically unique. We had to
try.

MYCROFT
At what cost?

The Governor: silent.

For a moment, we hear Eurus on the tape, isolated.

EURUS ON TAPE
Happiness is a pop song.

MYCROFT
At what cost. Tell me the worst
thing that has happened.

EURUS ON TAPE
Sadness is a poem.

THE GOVERNOR
... She kept suggesting to Dr.
Taylor that he should kill his
family.

MYCROFT
And?

THE GOVERNOR
He said she was like an earworm, he
couldn't get her out of his head.

MYCROFT
And?

THE GOVERNOR
He left.

MYCROFT

And?

THE GOVERNOR

Killed himself.

MYCROFT

And?

THE GOVERNOR

His family.

A chilling silence in the room. All we can hear is Eurus on the taped interview.

EURUS ON TAPE

Are you going to cry? It's okay if you cry.

MANS VOICE ON TAPE

I don't need to cry.

EURUS ON TAPE

I can help you cry.

CUT TO:

49 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

49

Sherlock and Eurus. Sherlock, still inspecting his new violin. Despite the circumstance, he can't help but be impressed.

EURUS
Play for me.

SHERLOCK
I need to know how you got out of here.

EURUS
You know already. Look at me.
Look and play.

Sherlock hesitates - then starts to play. He draws one note, and -

EURUS (CONT'D)
No, not Bach, you clearly don't understand it. Play you.

SHERLOCK

Me?

EURUS

You.

Sherlock hesitates, what to choose - he starts to play Irene's theme, from A Scandal In Belgravia. Two notes in

EURUS (CONT'D)

Oh! Have you had sex?

With effort, Sherlock doesn't miss a beat.

SHERLOCK

Why do you ask?

EURUS

The music. I've had sex.

SHERLOCK

... how?

EURUS

One of the nurses got careless. I liked it. Messy though. People are so breakable.

SHERLOCK

I take it he didn't consent.

EURUS

He?

SHERLOCK

She?

EURUS

I'm afraid I didn't notice in the heat of the moment. And afterwards

...

(An angelic smile)

... well, you couldn't really tell.

Sherlock, assiduously staying focussed.

EURUS (CONT'D)

Is that vibrato - or is your hand shaking?

Sherlock stops playing. Now staring at her.

CUT TO:

50

INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

50

Mycroft, John and the Governor, watching the tape. (We continue to hear the taped conversation low in the background, hypnotic and eerie - script separate.)

MYCROFT

I warned you - explicitly. No one was to talk to her *alone*.

THE GOVERNOR

You spoke to her.

MYCROFT

I'm know what I'm doing.

THE GOVERNOR

You even brought her a visitor. On Christmas Day.

MYCROFT

I took a calculated risk.

THE GOVERNOR

You gave her a Christmas present!
Remember her Christmas present??

MYCROFT

I aware of the dangers Eurys poses
and equipped to deal with them.

John has been absorbed in watching the tape.

JOHN

What dangers?

MYCROFT

Eurus just doesn't just talk to
people - she re-programmes them.

(At the Governor)

Anyone who spends time with her is
automatically compromised.

John now chilled for some reason. Looks back to the tape.

EURUS ON TAPE

We can help each other. Helping
someone else is the best way to
help yourself.

During above, John touches his hand to his ear, keeps his
voice low.

JOHN

Sherlock?

MAN'S VOICE ON TAPE

(almost tearful)

I don't need your help.

JOHN

Sherlock?

CUT TO:

51 INT. EUROS'S CELL - DAY

51

On Sherlock, hearing his voice. (We intercut as required.)

SHERLOCK

Not now.

JOHN

Vatican Cameos.

SHERLOCK

In a minute.

And he plucks the device out of his ear.

CUT TO:

52 INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

52

John hears the connection break in his ear. *Shit!*

CUT TO:

53 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

53

SHERLOCK

So obviously you remember me.

EURUS

I remember everything. Every single thing.

(Taps head)

You just need a big enough hard drive. Did they tell you keep three feet from the glass?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

EURUS

Be naughty. Step closer.

SHERLOCK

Why?

EURUS

Do it - step closer.

SHERLOCK

Tell me what you remember.

He's offering a deal. An impasse for a moment. Then she smiles.

EURUS

You, me, and Mycroft. Mycroft was quite clever, in his little way. He could understand things if you went a bit slow. But you - you were my favourite.

He takes a step forward.

SHERLOCK

Why was I your favourite?

Eurus considers. Smiles. She too takes a step forward to the glass.

EURUS

Because I could make you laugh. I loved it when you laughed. Once I made you laugh all night, I thought you were going to burst - I was so happy. Then Mummy and Daddy had to stop me, of course.

SHERLOCK

Why?

EURUS

Well, turns out I'd got it wrong. Apparently you were screaming.

SHERLOCK

Why was I screaming?
(A beat - cautious)
Redbeard?

Silence.

Sherlock takes a pace forward.

Eurus does the same. Now barely a foot apart, either side of the glass. Eurus, smiling - this is the exciting part.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I remember Redbeard.

EURUS

Do you now?

SHERLOCK

Tell me what I don't know.

EURUS

Touch the glass.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry?

CUT TO:

54

INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Mycroft berating the Governor, Euros still talking on the tape. As this goes, John is moving discreetly round the room, checking the windows - they're all barred. He's looking for another exit.

THE GOVERNOR

She was never the same after that Christmas. It was like you woke her up.

MYCROFT

That is entirely beside the point!
You had your orders and you failed to -

JOHN

Listen to the tape!

John, taking command of the room. There's an emergency, and he's the only one who's spotted it.

MYCROFT

... I'm sorry?

JOHN

Do it, now, listen.

MYCROFT

I am familiar with my sister's methods of manipulation -

JOHN

Listen!!

Startled by John's vehemence, Mycroft falls silent, looks to the screen.

CUT TO:

55

INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

55

Sherlock and Euros, still in confrontation.

SHERLOCK

Redbeard was my dog. I know what happened to Redbeard.

EURUS

Oh, Sherlock, you know nothing.
Touch the glass and I'll tell you the truth.

(She raises her hand, as if about to press it flat against the glass)

I'll touch it too if you're scared.

Sherlock, now raising his hand, hesitant.

CUT TO:

56

INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

56

John, the Governor, Mycroft, watching the screen.

EURUS ON TAPE

I can fix her for you, and then
I'll give you her straight back,
good as new. I promise

MAN'S VOICE ON TAPE

That's not ... what you're
proposing is not ... it's not
right.

As the tape continues in the background.

JOHN

(to the Governor)

Everyone who went in there, got
affected. Enslaved, you said.

THE GOVERNOR

... Yes.

JOHN

One after the other, right?

THE GOVERNOR

Yes.

MYCROFT

Dr. Watson, I think we have already
established -

JOHN

Shut up.

(To the Governor)

One question: that's your voice,
isn't it?

A terrible silence - and we hear the terrible truth of the
man's voice on the tape. It's the Governor.

MAN'S VOICE ON TAPE

You've got to stop saying these
things. It's inappropriate. It's
completely inappropriate.

The Governor: it's almost like he could cry.

THE GOVERNOR

I'm sorry. I really am very, very
sorry.

As he says this, he's raising his - what looks a little panic alarm held in his hand.

JOHN

No!

John's lunging for him -

- too late it's pressed -

- crashing through the door, the orderlies!

CUT TO:

57 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

57

Sherlock and Eurus, still their hands raised, not yet touching the glass.

EURUS

You think it's a trick. You look so
... unsure. You're not used to
being unsure are you?

SHERLOCK

It's more common than you'd think.

EURUS

Look at you. The man who sees
through everything, is exactly the
man who doesn't notice -

And reaches forward and *clasps her hand round his*.

EURUS (CONT'D)

- when there's nothing to see
through!

For Sherlock, a reeling, plunging moment of realisation.
There is no glass!!

CUT TO:

58 INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

58

Mayhem. Mycroft is restrained already, but John is fighting like a madman. Slams one orderly against the wall, punches another across the room -

THE GOVERNOR

Dr. Watson, there's no point -
there's nowhere you can go!

But John is already racing for the door -

CUT TO:

59 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

59

Sherlock still frozen, in astonishment, Eurus still clasping his hand.

EURUS

Do you see how it was done? I know you like explanations.

SHERLOCK

You suspended that sign somehow.

EURUS

And my voice - throat mike, puts me through the speakers. Don't you think it's clever? Simple but clever?

SHERLOCK

Transparent.

EURUS

Well you do keep asking how I got out of here. Like *this!*

And she flings herself at him, with savage suddenness. He staggers, falls. Now she's straddling him, strangling him.

EURUS (CONT'D)

Get in here, all of you! Stop me killing him, *stop me killing him!*

She's not get her hands her at his throat, digging her thumbs into his windpipe. Sherlock, dazed, barely resisting.

Now crashing, through the doors, the guards.

Eurus looks plaintively up at them.

EURUS (CONT'D)

No, stop me in a *minute!*

CUT TO:

60 INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

60

John racing along the corridor, klaxons and alarms blaring. Now skidding to a halt.

The bridge area. So many guns leveled at him. On all the screens, the Frowny Face symbol. And now an increasingly familiar voice on the tannoy.

TANNOY VOICE

Red alert! Red alert. Big red bouncy red alert. Klingons attacking lower decks.

(MORE)

TANNOY VOICE (CONT'D)
Also cowboys in black hats and
Darth Vader. Don't be alarmed, I'm
here now! Did you miss me?

John, frozen, recognising that voice. Oh dear God!

TANNOY VOICE (CONT'D)
(Now clearly Moriarty)
Did you miss me? Did you miss me?

All the screens have flickered and now show the Moriarty
animation from His Last Vow.

TANNOY VOICE (CONT'D)
(Jim Moriarty)
Miss me? Miss me? Miss me?

John thunderstruck -

- doesn't notice when a guard moves behind, coshes him over
the back of the head.

High shot of John as he folds to the floor. Now spiralling up
from him, as we hear, echoing round the building ...

TANNOY VOICE (CONT'D)
(Jim Moriarty)
Miss me? Miss me? Miss me? Miss me!

... fading slowly to black ...

CUT TO:

61 EXT. SHERRINFORD ISLAND - DAY

61

A long shot of the island. Tranquil.

Now with a terrible clattering roar a helicopter is
descending towards the fortress prison.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. SHERRINFORD ISLAND - HELIPAD - DAY

62

The helicopter lands.

Closer, as two overalled men rush over, open the doors.

Now, clambering out, large as life, in his prime ...

Impossibly, large as life in his sharpest suit, it's *Jim Moriarty!*

He wears shades, we can see the white earbuds of an ipod.

A tremendous roar of applause from a giant crowd - screams and shouts, like a rock star just arrived.

Moriarty waves, V-signs, twirls, preens, turns his back and wiggles his arse.

Cut wider: there's no crowd at all. Just the Governor and two orderlies waiting at the perimeter of the helipad.

Back on Moriarty. He gives "oh you guys!" wave at his imaginary crowd, and pops the earbuds of his ears.

Instantly the crowd noise ceases.

Two Spooks in black suits have climbed out of the helicopter. They start conducting Moriarty over to the waiting Governor.

The Governor, looking at Moriarty with great distaste. A cursory nod.

THE GOVERNOR
Mr. Moriarty.

MORIARTY
Hey big G!

THE GOVERNOR
This way.

He starts leading the way. Moriarty following, with his attendant Spooks.

MORIARTY
Big G means Governor. I'm a bit
"down with the kids!", it makes me
more relateable.

Barely a flicker the Governor's face - like he's trying to ignore him.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)
Do you like my boys? The one on the
left's got the most stamina, but
he's very uncaring in the after
glow.

CUT TO:

Moriarty, the Governor, and their little retinue of Spooks and Orderlies, marching alone.

Moriarty chats, the Governor barely contains his disgust.

MORIARTY

Oh, smell all that insane criminality - is it bad that I've got a semi? Do you have any cannibals?

THE GOVERNOR

Yes.

MORIARTY

How many?

THE GOVERNOR

Three.

MORIARTY

That's good, because you know how some people leave their bodies to science - I think cannibals would be more grateful.

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

64

On the door to the Governor's office, as it is opened for Moriarty.

Turning from the window, Mycroft Holmes.

MYCROFT

Come in.

Moriarty, stepping in, looking around.

Wider: the office is decorated for Christmas. A tree, cards along the mantel.

CAPTION:

CHRISTMAS DAY

FIVE YEARS AGO

CUT TO:

65 INT. THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

65

Mycroft at the desk. Moriarty darts about the room, entertaining himself. Currently he's looking at a little nativity scene set up on a table.

MORIARTY

Oh, look at this, isn't it sweet?

MYCROFT

Won't you sit down?

MORIARTY

I wrote my own version of the nativity when I was a kid. The Hungry Donkey. Bit gory, but if you put a baby in a manger, you're asking for trouble.

MYCROFT

You know what this place is, of course.

MORIARTY

Of course. Am I under arrest again?

MYCROFT

You remain a person of interest. But until you commit a verifiable crime, you are, I regret, at liberty.

MORIARTY

Then why am I here?

MYCROFT

You're a Christmas present

MORIARTY

... fair enough, how would you like me?

MYCROFT

There is, in this facility, a prisoner whose intellectual abilities are of occasional use to the British government ...

MORIARTY

What, for really difficult sums, that sort of thing. Long division.

MYCROFT

She predicted the exact dates of the last three terrorist attacks on the British mainland, after an *hour* on Twitter - *that* sort of thing. In return, however, she requires ... treats. Last year it was a violin.

MORIARTY

This year?

MYCROFT

Five minutes unsupervised conversation with you.

MORIARTY

Me? Me?

MYCROFT

She has noted your interest in the activities of my little brother ...

MORIARTY

Sherlock. What's she got to do with Sherlock Holmes?

Mycroft, sitting there, radiating discomfort.

Moriarty, picking up on this.

A big grin, now spreading across his face.

MORIARTY (CONT'D)

What ever you're about to tell me,
I already know it's going to be
awesome!

Mycroft's face: yes it is.

CUT TO:

66

INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

66

Eurus, kneeling on the floor, as if waiting.

A noise makes her look up. Through the glass (which exists, this time) we see Moriarty entering the visitor's half of the cell.

He is grinning at Eurus - thrilled at the knowledge of who she is.

She smiles at him, rises to her feet.

They stand, either side of the glass, beaming evil at each other.

MORIARTY

I'm your Christmas present. What's mine?

Eurus's eyes flick to the security camera. The red light on it dies.

She leans closer to the glass, whispers one word.

EURUS

Redbeard.

We slowly fade to black.

CUT TO:

67

INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

67

On John's eyes flickering open - we're back in the present day.

There's a sound - like a phone ringing out in your ear, but played through the entire cell. It carries on throughout

Sitting up where is he?

Looking round. He's in the white half of the Oval cell

Sherlock, pacing, bruised face. Mycroft standing a little beyond him, clearly terrified.

Sitting on the floor, his back against the wall, is the Governor. His head is lowered and he seems to be sobbing.

In the black half of the cell, at television has been set up, facing them. Blank for the moment.

Sherlock, noticing John is recovering.

SHERLOCK

How are you?

JOHN

(Feeling at his head)

Bit of a lump.

SHERLOCK

True, but you have your uses.

JOHN

Did you see your sister?

SHERLOCK

Yes.

JOHN

How was it?

SHERLOCK

Family's always difficult.

MYCROFT

Is this an occasion for *banter*??

SHERLOCK

Case in point.

JOHN

Are we phoning someone?

SHERLOCK

Apparently.

JOHN
(noticing Governor)

What's he doing in here?

SHERLOCK
As he's told. Eurys is in control.

With a click, the phone is suddenly answered. The Voice we now hear is the girl from the plane - the one we saw at the beginning.

THE GIRL

(V.O.)

Help me! Please, I'm on a plane,
and everyone's asleep, *help me!!*

MORIARTY

(V.O.)

Hello. My name's Jim Moriarty.
Welcome to the final problem!

John looks to Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

It's okay, he's dead.

JOHN

He doesn't sound dead.

MORIARTY

(V.O.)

This is a recorded announcement.
Please say hello to some very old
friends of mine.

THE GIRL

Hello? Hello?

John and Sherlock exchange a look. What??

MYCROFT

What is this? You can't do this!

SHERLOCK

Do be quiet, dear.

THE GIRL

Is someone there?

MYCROFT

Is this supposed to be a game??

JOHN

Shut up, Mycroft.

THE GIRL

(V.O.)

Hello?

CUT TO:

68

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

68

The Girl as we last saw her, staring out of the plane window.
The plane rocks and bucks. (Intercut with cell as required.)

THE GIRL
Hello, I can hear you talking,
please help me.

SHERLOCK
Hello. Try to be calm. What's your
name?

Silence: the girl doesn't want to say.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Hello? What's your name.

THE GIRL
I'm not supposed to tell my name to
strangers.

SHERLOCK
Okay, that's fine. But my name is
Sherl - ...

And Sherlock's voice cuts off, replaced by the dialling tone.

On the Girl's face - such panic!!

GIRL
Hello? Please, hello?

CUT TO:

69

INT. EURUS'S CELL - NIGHT

69

The dialling also here.

SHERLOCK
Hello?

EURUS
(On screen)
Oh dear. We seem to have lost the
connection.

They all look to the television - the picture has come on and
Eurus, in close up, is smiling at them.

MYCROFT
How have you done this? How is any
of this possible?

EURUS ON SCREEN
You put me in here, Mycroft. You
brought me my treats.

On Sherlock, registering the word "treats"!

JOHN

Treats. What kind of treats?

SHERLOCK

You got it wrong, Mycroft. You
thought she was a prisoner. But she
was a queen bee. And cell by cell
she has built her hive.

CUT TO:

69A INT. SHERRINFORD - SPECIAL UNIT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

69A

Eurus, now seated in the control room of her cell. Relaxed, feet up on the console - the new queen. She is flanked by her orderlies. (We intercut with the cell as required.)

EURUS

(On screen)

Oh, the melodrama, it's unbearable.
This isn't a hive, it's an ant
hill. And I'm setting fire to it.

JOHN

(On screen)

Why?

EURUS

I'm conducting an experiment. I
want to understand ants.

She flicks a switch -

- and we hear Jim Moriarty's voice on the tannoy.

MORIARTY ON TANNOY

Clever Eurus! You go girl!

JOHN

How can that be Moriarty?

EURUS

Oh he recorded loads of little
messages for me, before he died, he
loved it. Did you know his brother
was a station master? I think he
was always jealous.

SHERLOCK

The girl - where did she go? Can I
talk to her again?

EURUS

Poor little thing. Alone in the sky
on a great big plane, with nowhere
to land. But where in the world is
she? It's a clever little puzzle.
If you want to apply yourself to
it, I can reconnect you. But first
...

She clicks her fingers -

- and a terrified woman is dragged into camera view, behind her. She is blindfolded and gagged.

THE GOVERNOR

That's my wife. Oh God, that's my wife.

EURUS

I'm going to shoot the Governor's wife.

THE GOVERNOR

Please, no, please help her.

EURUS

In about a minute. Bang, brains.

SHERLOCK

Please don't do that.

EURUS ON SCREEN

You can stop me.

SHERLOCK

How.

EURUS

There's a gun on top of the television. Take it.

Sherlock steps to the television. Takes the gun.

EURUS (CONT'D)

If you want to save the governor's wife, choose one of Dr. Watson or Mycroft, to kill the governor.

THE GOVERNOR

Oh God. Oh dear God.

EURUS

You can't do it, Sherlock. If you do it, it won't count, I'll kill her anyway. It has to be your brother or your friend.

A terrible silence

THE GOVERNOR

... please. You have to do this. She means it, she will kill her.

Sherlock slowly looks to Mycroft.

SHERLOCK

I don't think we have a choice.

He holds the gun out to him.

EURUS

Right then! Countdown starting.

MYCROFT

... how long?

EURUS

The countdown is for me. Withholding the precise deadline will apply the emotional pressure more evenly. Where possible, please give me an explicit verbal indication of your anxiety levels, I can't always read them from your behaviour.

MYCROFT

I can't. I can't do this. It's murder.

THE GOVERNOR

It's not murder, it's saving my wife.

EUROS

I'm particularly focussed on internal conflicts, where strategising round a largely intuitive moral code appears to create a counter-intuitive result.

MYCROFT

I will not kill. I will not have blood on my hands.

EURUS

Yes, very good, thankyou.

THE GOVERNOR

Killing my wife is *what you're doing??*

MYCROFT

No.

EURUS

You see?

Mycroft steps away. Beaten, frightened.

Sherlock turns his gaze on John - who can barely meet it.

SHERLOCK

John?

John says nothing, doesn't look at him.

THE GOVERNOR

Dr. Watson, are you married?

JOHN

I was.

THE GOVERNOR

What happened?

JOHN

She died?

THE GOVERNOR

What would you give to bring her back? If you could, if it was possible, what would you do to save her?

John's eyes move reluctantly to the gun Sherlock is holding out.

THE GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

She'll kill me anyway - *save my wife.*

Eurus clicks a switch. Jim Moriarty's voice on the tannoy.

TANNOY MORIARTY

Tick tock, tick tock.

His face also pops up on a screen. This now happens every time he intervenes, so we have the option of cutting to him.

EURUS

There will, I'm afraid, be regular prompts to create an atmosphere of urgency.

TANNOY MORIARTY

Tick tock, goes the clock.

John takes the gun, moves to behind the Governor as he kneels on the floor.

JOHN

What's your name?

THE GOVERNOR

David.

JOHN

Are you sure, David?

THE GOVERNOR
Of course I'm bloody sure.

SHERLOCK
(Looking hard at John)
Are you?

John can barely look at him.

THE GOVERNOR
Please. *Please.*

EURUS

Nearly there, nearly time.

JOHN

(Readying the gun)

Do you need to pray? Anything like that?

THE GOVERNOR

In a world with Eurus Holmes, there can be no one to pray to.

JOHN

You're a good man, and you're doing a good thing.

THE GOVERNOR

So are you.

JOHN

I'm going to spend the rest of my life telling myself that.

John, moving behind the Governor.

THE GOVERNOR

Oh God. Oh God.

JOHN

You're very scared but you should also be proud -

THE GOVERNOR

Please just do it, just be quick.

TANNOY MORIARTY

Tick tick tick tick, ticketty tocketty.

JOHN

Good-bye David.

The Governor closes his eyes ready.

John's hand trembling on the gun.

TANNOY VOICE

Tick tick tick tick.

THE GOVERNOR

Please!

John a world of pain in his face. Grimacing, trying to will that trigger pulled.

The gun trembling.

EURUS

Any second now. This is very good,
Dr. Watson. I should have fitted
you with a cardiograph.

Then John: soft-spoken, but such pain.

JOHN

I can't. I'm sorry, I can't.

SHERLOCK

I know.

EURUS

It's okay, don't worry. It's all
useful data.

With an anguished scream, the Governor twists round, wrenches
the gun from John -

JOHN

No, stop, no!

- and rams the gun under his own chin.

Now, on Sherlock, John and Mycroft, watching in horror.

THE GOVERNOR

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Remember me!

The last word is cut off by *BLAM!* We stay on three men,
appalled -

- as we hear the body fall like a sack of cement. (NB No
blood, suicide off-screen.)

A throbbing silence.

Mycroft, now over at the wall, vomiting.

Sherlock looks coldly at him, then to his friend.

John, shaken to the core. He was weak, and knows it.

SHERLOCK

You okay?

John, still staring at the dead man. Gives a tiny shake of
his head. He's nowhere close to okay.

Sherlock turns to the television, and Euris.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Right, there you go, got what you
wanted. He's dead.

EURUS

Dead or alive, he really wasn't very interesting. But you three were wonderful, thank you. You see what you did, Dr. Watson? Specifically because of your moral code - because you don't want blood on your hands - two people are dead, instead of one.

JOHN

... two people?

EURUS

Yes, sorry, hang on.
(She glances off)
Would you mind?

And *blam!* from the television.

Eurus reaches up and moves the camera so that we now have a view of the Governor's wife hanging limp in her chair. (NB - again, we don't see the shooting.)

EURUS (CONT'D)

What advantage did your moral code grant you? Is it not, in the end, selfish to keep one's hands clean, at the expense of another's life?

JOHN

You didn't have to kill her.

EURUS

The condition of her survival was that you or Mycroft had to kill her husband. This an experiment, there will be rigour.

John, just staring at her - no words.

EURUS (CONT'D)

Sherlock, pick up the gun. It's your turn next. When I tell you to use it - and I will - remember what happened this time.

Sherlock eyes the gun on the floor - it's partly blood spattered. He makes no move to pick it.

SHERLOCK

What if I don't want a gun.

EURUS

The gun is intended as a mercy.

SHERLOCK

For who?

EURUS

You.

SHERLOCK

How so?

EURUS

If someone else had to die, would
you really want to do it with your
bare hands? It would waste valuable
time.

A moment, as that moment lands, for the three of them.
Mycroft, terrified. John, stoic. Sherlock, still unsure.

JOHN

Probably just take it.

Sherlock, stiff little nod. Steps forward, picks up the gun.

SHERLOCK

There's only one bullet left.

EURUS

You will only need one. But you will need it.

Sherlock looks to Mycroft, looks to John - no choice. He shoves the gun into his belt.

A door is sliding open at the back of cell.

EURUS (CONT'D)

Please go through. There's a few tasks for you, and a girl on a plane who's getting very, very scared.

John and Mycroft move towards it - but Sherlock hangs back a beat.

SHERLOCK

Treats?

MYCROFT

Just, you know ... a violin.

SHERLOCK

In exchange for?

MYCROFT

... she's very clever.

Sherlock, looking so coldly at him.

SHERLOCK

I'm beginning to think you're not.

Avoiding his brother's gaze, Mycroft heads on.

Sherlock, giving him the deadliest route, now following.

Sherlock, John and Mycroft, walking through to -

TANNOY MORIARTY

Come on, now, all aboard. Choo choo!

CUT TO:

70

INT. SHERRINFORD. RED ROOM - DAY.

70

- into the next cell in the special unit.

This one has been painted blood red. Crudely, like it's recent.

SHERLOCK
Someone's been redecorating.

JOHN
Is that allowed?

SHERLOCK
She's literally taken over the
asylum. We have more to worry about
than the colour scheme.

Mycroft is touching the paintwork.

MYCROFT
Barely dry - recent.

SHERLOCK
For our benefit then.

There are three tall windows at the far end of the cell - the
red velvet curtains hang down over them, blocking the
daylight. They look around.

Eurus's face appears on a screen.

EURUS
(On screen)
As a motivator to your continued co-
operation, I'm now reconnecting
you.

CUT TO:

70A INT. SHERRINFORD - SPECIAL UNIT ANTECHAMBER - DAY 70A

Eurus at her console, clicking switches. She flicks one final
one.

TANNOY MORIARTY
Fasten your seat belts. It's going
to be a bumpy night.

CUT TO:

70B INT. SHERRINFORD. RED ROOM - DAY 70B

Eurus disappears from the screen, her face replaced by a
countdown clock, indicating the allowed length of the phone
conversation. Now from the phone:

GIRL
Are ... are you still there?

SHERLOCK

Yes, hello, hello. We're here. Can you hear us?

CUT TO:

71 INT. PLANE - NIGHT.

71

The Girl, crouched in the aisle - she clearly raided the drinks trolley, is sucking down an orange juice. (We now intercut with the red room, as required.)

GIRL

Yes.

SHERLOCK

Listen, everything's going to be fine. But I need you to tell me where you are. Outside, is it day or night?

GIRL

Night.

MYCROFT

Well that certainly narrows it down
to half the planet.

SHERLOCK

What kind of plane are you on?

GIRL

I don't know.

JOHN

Is it big or small?

GIRL

Big?

JOHN

Lots of people on it?

GIRL

Lots and lots. But they're all
asleep, I can't wake them up.

SHERLOCK

Where did you take off from?

GIRL

The driver's asleep.

SHERLOCK

I understand. Where do you come
from, where did the plane take off?

GIRL

My Nan's.

SHERLOCK

And where are you going?

GIRL

Home.

SHERLOCK

No, listen, I mean -

The dialling tone interrupts.

CUT TO:

On screen the countdown clock completes and disappears. Now
Eurus's face reappears on screen.

EURUS

(On screen)

That's enough for now. Time to play
a new game. Look on the table in
front of you -

MYCROFT

Passenger jet, crew and passengers
unconscious, except for that girl.
It's going to crash -

EURUS

(On screen)

Patience! If you want to speak to
the girl again, look on the table.
Earn yourself some phone time!

Before them, on the table are four photos. The first is a a
sad-looking man with a target on his chest.

MYCROFT

This is insane, this is inhuman -

JOHN

Shut up!

CUT TO:

72A INT. SHERRINFORD - SPECIAL UNIT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

72A

Eurus at her console.

EURUS

Six months ago, a man called Evans
was murdered. Unsolved - except by
me. He was shot from a distance of
three hundred metres with this
rifle...

She clicks a switch.

CUT TO:

72B INT. SHERRINFORD. RED ROOM - DAY

72B

A spotlight snaps on, illuminating a large, old-fashioned
rifle on the floor. (We now intercut with antechamber.)

EURUS

If the police had any brains,
they'd realise there are three
suspects. All brothers. Nathan
Garrideb, Alex Garrideb and Howard
Garrideb.

Close on the remaining three photos on the table.

NATHAN - 20s, skinny jeans and hoodie, glasses.

ALEX - 30s, round-faced, flash suit.

HOWARD - 30s, scruffy.

EURUS (CONT'D)

All these pictures are up to date.
But which one pulled the trigger,
Sherlock? Which one?

JOHN

That's it? We're supposed to work
it out based on - *what?*

Sherlock grabs the rifle.

SHERLOCK
This. This is all we have.

EURUS
Please make use of your friends,
Sherlock. I want to see you
interact with people you're close
to. Also may have to choose which
one to keep.

Sherlock ignores her, coldly examining the rifle.

SHERLOCK
(to Mycroft)
What do you make of it?

MYCROFT
Am I being asked to prove my
usefulness?

SHERLOCK
Yes, I should think you are.

MYCROFT
I will not be *manipulated* like this
-

SHERLOCK
Fine.
(Turns to John)
John?

Sherlock just turns away from him, to John.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
John?

JOHN
Think I've seen of these. A Buffalo
gun. Mid 1950s. Old-fashioned
sight. No cross-hairs -

Sherlock stares at the photos on the table.

SHERLOCK
Glasses. Nathan wears glasses.
And Evans was shot from three
hundred metres away. The kick back
on an old gun like this --

CUT TO:

A FLASH of Sherlock vision:

NATHAN aiming the gun. He squints as he gets EVANS in his sights...

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
- would be massive.

Nathan fires. The rifle jerks back into his face - and shatters his glasses.

CUT TO:

74

INT. SHERRINFORD. RED ROOM - DAY

74

Sherlock jabs at the photo.

SHERLOCK
No cuts. No scarring. Not Nathan,
then. Who's next?

MYCROFT
Oh, very good, Dr. Watson, how
useful you are! Do you have
suspicion that we are being made to
compete?

JOHN
No. We're not competing - there's a
plane in the sky and it's going to
crash and what we're doing is
trying to save a little girl.
Today, we have to be soldiers -
which means to hell with what
happens to us!

On Mycroft, struck by that - fair point.

MYCROFT
... your priorities do you credit.

JOHN
I just got a woman killed - no they
bloody don't.

From the monitor.

EURUS
Now as I understand it, Sherlock,
you try to repress your emotions to
refine your reasoning. I'd like to
see how that works so if you don't
mind, I'm going to apply some
context to your deductions.

Suddenly, the red curtain on the window rise upwards,
revealing the three named men. Each on is hanging from their
wrists, just outside the window.

Terrified, they sway in the wind. They look much as they looked in their photos. Nathan, Alex and Howard.

All three wear name badges.

MYCROFT

Oh dear Lord.

EURUS

Two of the Garridebs work here as orderlies, so getting the third along wasn't too difficult. Once you bring in your verdict, let me know and justice will be done.

SHERLOCK

Justice?

JOHN

What will you do to them?

EURUS

Early release.

Sherlock has gone to the window, looking down.

SHERLOCK

You'll drop them into the sea.

EURUS

Sink or swim.

JOHN

They're tied up.

MYCROFT

We'd be as good as killing them.

EURUS

Exactly. Now there is context. Please continue with your deductions. I'm now focussing on the difference to your mental capacity a specified consequence can make.

MYCROFT

Why should we bother? What if we are disinclined to play your games, little sister?

EURUS ON SCREEN
I have, if you remember, provided
you with some motivation.

Eurus disappears from the screen, the countdown clock returns
- going really fast this time. We hear the Girl's voice.

THE GIRL
(V.O.)
*We're going through the clouds.
Like cotton wool.*

SHERLOCK
(calling)
That's nice - tell me anything you
can about the plane.

CUT TO:

75 INT. PLANE - NIGHT

75

The Girl looks through the window. The plane is streaking
through cloud.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
Why won't my mummy wake -

Cuts out, dialling tone

CUT TO:

76 INT. RED ROOM - DAY

76

Sherlock is gazing at the. Cold as ice, he steps closer to
one of the men hanging terrified at the window, examining him

SHERLOCK
So it's one of the other two.
Now Howard ... Howard's a lifelong
drunk. Pallor of his skin, terminal
gin blossoms on his red nose. And,
terror notwithstanding, a bad case
of DTs.

CUT TO:

77 INT. WHITE SPACE.

77

A FLASH of Sherlock vision.

HOWARD aims the rifle. Squints into the sights. But his hands
are shaking badly. He squeezes the trigger...

CUT TO:

78

INT. RED ROOM. - DAY.

78

SHERLOCK

No way he could have taken that
shot from three hundred metres
away. Which leaves us with
-- Alex.

Alex, hanging at the window, looks utterly terrified,
pleading silently.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(Peering close at his
face)

Indentations on the temples suggest
he habitually wears glasses, also
the frown lines suggest a lifetime
of peering -

MYCROFT

(rallying a little)

He's short-sighted - or he was. His
recent laser surgery has done the
trick though.

SHERLOCK

Laser surgery?

MYCROFT

Look at his clothes. He's made an
effort.

JOHN

That's good!

SHERLOCK

(nods)

Excellent! Suddenly sees himself in
quite a different light now he's
dumped the specs. Attractive.
Debonair. Even has a spray tan.
But he's not used to a personal
grooming ritual as is obvious from
the state of his fingernails --

Sherlock vision: Alex's long and dirty nails.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

-- and the hair growing in his
ears.

Sherlock vision: bristly hairs sprout from Alex's ears.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

It's a superficial job. But his eyesight was fixed, his hand was steady. *He* pulled the trigger. He killed Evans.

EURUS

Are you ready to condemn the prisoner?

MYCROFT

Sherlock, we can't do this!

SHERLOCK

The plane, remember.

EURUS

Sherlock, are you ready?

Mycroft can't bear this, looks away. Sherlock and John look at each other. No choice.

SHERLOCK

Alex.

EURUS

Say it. Condemn him. Condemn him in the knowledge of what will happen to the man you name.

SHERLOCK

I condemn Alex Garrideb.

At the console, Eurus calmly slams a lever.

- and the other two Garridebs plunge from sight!

TANNOY MORIARTY

Mind the gap.

Alex Garrideb, his terrified eyes darting. He's alive, can't believe it.

The door to the next room swishes open.

Beyond - a black room.

EURUS

Congratulations. You got the right one. Now go through the door.

JOHN

You dropped the other two? Why?

EURUS

Interesting -

JOHN

(fury)

WHY?!

EURUS

- These arbitrary little distinctions between right and wrong. It's no more than having a favourite colour. Why choose? It's like smell. A human's sense of smell is limited - only registers good and bad. Attractive or repulsive. But a dog's sense of smell can read the whole world like a book, and so doesn't need the crudity of value judgments. Good and bad are simplifications for smaller minds. I therefore struggle with them.

JOHN

What's wrong with you, for Christ's sake?!

EURUS

Well, I've been here for thirty years, Dr. Watson and no one's found anything at all. So the natural next step is for me to find out what's wrong with everybody else. For instance, does it really make a difference, killing the innocent instead of the guilty?

JOHN

Yes!

EURUS

Okay, let's see.

Another slam of lever, and the final Garrideb drops out of sight.

TANNOY MORIARTY

The train has left the station.

EURUS

No, you see, that felt pretty much the same.

SHERLOCK

John, don't let her distract you.

JOHN

Distract me??

SHERLOCK

Soldiers today.

John: that stiff little nod. Got it.

John, Sherlock and Mycroft go through the doorway.

CUT TO:

79

INT. SHERRINFORD. BLACK ROOM - DAY

79

The room is consciously funereal. A theatrical effect. There is a sunlight streaming in from a window far above, picking out:

On a stone plinth sits a plain, open coffin. It is empty.

On the wall, another monitor, showing Eurus's face.

EURUS

(On screen)

One more minute on the phone.

Her face disappears, replaced by the countdown clock.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

Frightened. I'm frightened.

SHERLOCK

(into phone)

It's ok, don't worry. Now I've got very little time with you so I need you to tell me what you can see out the window?

CUT TO:

80

INT. PLANE - DAY.

80

The Girl peers through the window. (Intercut with Black Room.)

THE GIRL

Just the sea. I can see the sea.

SHERLOCK

Are there ships on it?

THE GIRL

No ships. I can see lights in the distance.

SHERLOCK

Is it a city?

THE GIRL

I think so.

SHERLOCK looks at MYCROFT and JOHN.

MYCROFT

(Lowers voice, so as not
be heard by girl)

She's about to fly over a city in a
pilotless plane. We'll have to talk
her through it.

JOHN

Through what?

GIRL

Hello, are you still there, hello?

SHERLOCK

Still here, give us a moment.

MYCROFT

(Sotto)

Getting the plane away from that city, away from any mainland. It has to crash at sea.

GIRL

Please keep talking to me, I'm scared.

JOHN

(Sotto)

What about the girl?

MYCROFT

(Sotto)

Obviously, Dr. Watson, she's the one who going to crash it.

JOHN

(Sotto)

We could help her land it?

MYCROFT

(Sotto)

And if we fail, and she crashes into a city, how many will die then?

GIRL

Hello?

JOHN

(Sotto)

And how do we get her to do that?

GIRL

I'm scared, don't leave me alone.

MYCROFT

(Sotto)

... I'm afraid we will have to give her hope.

On Sherlock - even for him, this is unbearable.

SHERLOCK

(To the Girl)

Is there really no one there who can help you, have you really checked.

GIRL

Everyone's asleep. Will you help me?

Sherlock looks to Mycroft - such pain.

SHERLOCK
We'll do everything we can.

GIRL
I'm scared, I'm really -

Dialling tone cuts her off.

The countdown clock has competed, and disappears to be replaced by Eurus.

EURUS
(On screen)
Now. Back to the matter in hand...
Coffin!!

They all look to the coffin, on the plinth.

CUT TO:

80A INT. SHERRINFORD - SPECIAL UNIT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

80A

Eurus at her console.

EURUS
Problem: someone is about to die.
It will be, as I understand it, a
tragedy. So many days not lived, so
many words unsaid, etc.

CUT TO:

80B INT. SHERRINFORD. BLACK ROOM - DAY

80B

Sherlock's gaze switches to the coffin. (We now intercut with Eurus as required.)

SHERLOCK
This, I presume, will be their
coffin.

EURUS
But whose coffin, Sherlock? Start
your deductions. I will apply some
context in a moment.

A beat. Sherlock steps to the coffin, scanning it.

SHERLOCK
Allowing for the entirely
pointless courtesy of headroom, I'd
say this coffin is intended for
someone of about five foot four,
which makes a woman more likely.

JOHN

Not a child?

SHERLOCK

A child's coffin tends to be more expensive. This is in the lower price range, but the best available in that bracket.

JOHN

Well, that was a lonely evening on Google.

SHERLOCK

This is a practical and informed choice. The balance of probability is that this is for an unmarried woman, distant from her immediate family - again, suggested by the economy of the choice - acquainted with the processes of death, but unsentimental about the necessities of disposal. Additionally, the lining -

MYCROFT

Very good, Sherlock, but we could just look at the name on the lid.

He's pointing to a coffin lid, propped against the opposite wall. There is a brass plate, not readable at this distance. They move closer.

Not a name engraved there - but three words. I LOVE YOU.

JOHN

So. It's for somebody who loves somebody.

MYCROFT

It's for somebody who loves Sherlock.

(To Sherlock)

It's all about you - everything here.

On Sherlock: registering that thought.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

So who loves you? I'm assuming it's not a long list.

JOHN

Irene Adler?

Sherlock - has already worked it out, is haunted by the answer, hating it.

SHERLOCK

Don't be ridiculous. Look at the coffin. Unmarried, practical about death, alone.

JOHN

(Heavily)

Molly.

SHERLOCK

Molly Hooper.

Screens flicker on all round the room. Various views of Molly Hooper's flat, clearly from concealed cameras. Molly herself is pottering around.

EURUS

She's perfectly safe. For the moment. Her flat is rigged to explode in approximately three minutes. Unless I hear the release code from her lips. Phone her, Sherlock. Make her say it.

JOHN

Say what?

EURUS

Obvious, surely.

JOHN

No.

SHERLOCK

Yes.

He points to the brass plate on the coffin lid. I LOVE YOU.

Sherlock already has his phone out, is tapping away.

EURUS

One important restriction. You're not allowed to mention, in any way at all, that her life is in danger. You may not, at any point, suggest that there is any form of crisis. If you do, I will end this session, and her life. Are we clear?

Sherlock: oh christ, more games. But surely this is possible.

TANNOY MORIARTY

Tick tock! Tick tock!

On screen, Molly, in her kitchen - she's by the kettle, waiting for it to boil. She turns her head, hearing her phone ring -

CUT TO:

81

INT. MOLLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

81

Molly glances over to where his phone is - on the table, at the other side of the kitchen. She moves towards it -

- and *click!*

The kettle has boiled. She turns back, decides to make the tea first!

CUT TO:

82

INT. SHERRINFORD - BLACK ROOM - DAY

82

Sherlock, Mycroft and John watching in despair. (Intercut as required.)

SHERLOCK
What's she doing?

MYCROFT
She's making tea.

SHERLOCK
Why isn't she answering the phone??

JOHN
You never answer your phone.

SHERLOCK
But it's *me* calling.

TANNOY MORIARTY
Tick tock! Tick tock!

On Molly. She's looking a little moody, a little bored - like this is not a good day, and when she's alone she doesn't have to hide that. She's going into her laborious, habitual routine of tea-making. Squeezing the bag. Adding the milk.

In Sherlock's ear, the phone goes to answerphone.

MOLLY ON ANSWERPHONE
Hi. This is Molly at the dead centre of town, ha ha! Leave a message.

A tired beep.

Sherlock cuts off the call, goes straight to Call Again.

TANNOY MORIARTY
Tick tock! Tick Tock!

Molly, finishing up on her tea. Tries a sip. Her phone starts ringing again. She gives it a desultory glance, adds a little more milk to her tea.

Sherlock and the others watching: for Christ's sake.

JOHN
Jesus ...

And now Molly, with some resignation heads to the phone -

On the three of them: finally!

Molly picks the phone up, checks who it is.

A beat as she looks at the name. Too long a beat.

On the three of them: what??

Molly seems to sag. Oh God, *him!* Oh, please, not today.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Molly, answer it. Bloody answer it.

- a suspended moment. Molly deciding, her life in the balance

- and finally, she clicks it.

MOLLY

Hello, Sherlock. Is this urgent,
because I'm not having a good day.

Sherlock, visibly collecting himself. So little time, no second chances.

SHERLOCK

(Quickly, calmly)

Molly, I need you to do something
very simple for me, and not ask me
why.

MOLLY

Oh God, if this one of your stupid
games -

SHERLOCK

It's not a game, I just need you to
... help me.

MOLLY

I'm not at the lab.

SHERLOCK

It's not about that -

MOLLY

Well quickly then, and just this
once, don't make fun of me.

On Sherlock: silenced for a moment, what the hell does he say?

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Well, what is it? What do you want?

TANNOY MORIARTY

Tick tock!

SHERLOCK
... Molly ... please, without
asking why, just say these words
...

MOLLY
What words?

SHERLOCK
... I love you.

On Molly. Her face filling with fury. He's taking the mickey!

MOLLY
Oh, piss off.

She goes to click the phone off.

SHERLOCK
Molly, no, please no, don't hang
up! Do not hang up!!

EURUS
Calmly, Sherlock. Or I'll finish
her right now.

MOLLY
Why do you do this? Why do you make
fun of me? Why always me??

SHERLOCK
(Trying to clamp down his
his stress)
Please, I swear, you just have to
listen to me -

EURUS
Softer, Sherlock. Crisis? What
crisis?

Sherlock: willing his voice to calm.

SHERLOCK
Molly. This is just a case. A sort
of ... experiment

MOLLY
I'm not an *experiment*, Sherlock!

SHERLOCK
Of course you're not. You're my
friend - we're friends. But please,
I just need you to say those words.

MOLLY
Please, don't do this. Just don't
do this.

SHERLOCK

It's important - I can't explain
why, but I promise it is.

MOLLY

... I can't say that. I can't say
that to you.

SHERLOCK

Of course you can. Why can't you?

MOLLY

You know why.

SHERLOCK

I do not know why.

MOLLY

Of course you know.

EURUS

Final thirty seconds.

TANNOY MORIARTY

Tick tick tick tick *tick tick tick*!

All the other screens, apart from the one Molly is on, go to
countdown clocks. The last thirty seconds.

SHERLOCK

Just, please, say it.

MOLLY

I can't. Not to you!

SHERLOCK

Why?

A beat: Molly, nowhere else to go but to tell the truth.

MOLLY

Because it's true. Because it's
true, Sherlock, it's always been
true.

On Sherlock: so little time. His face freezes.

SHERLOCK

(As icy as we've seen him)
If it is true ... say it anyway.

On Molly: reeling at his cruelty.

MOLLY

You bastard.

SHERLOCK

Say it anyway.

The clock: fifteen seconds!

MOLLY
(Raging now)
You say it. Go on, you say it
first.

SHERLOCK
... what?

MOLLY
Say it, Sherlock. Say it like you
mean it.

Ten seconds, the time flicking away.

On Sherlock: calming himself, making it count.

SHERLOCK
I love you.

On Molly: those words from that man. Poleaxed. Tears. Can't
speak.

Seconds ticking away.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Molly ...
(Nothing)
Molly, *please!*

The hand of clock flicking through the last few seconds -
- the last possible moment, and -

MOLLY
I love you.

And it's horribly, hugely true. And just in time. The screens
go blank.

On Sherlock: wrung out. If he ever thought he didn't have
emotions, he's learned better now.

John and Mycroft - hardly knowing what to say, whether they
should say anything.

MYCROFT
Sherlock - what you just did,
however hard it was -

SHERLOCK
(Cutting across him, full
of fury)
Eurus, I won. I won, I saved her.
Where's my prize.
(Silence)
Come on, play fair. The girl on the
plane, I need to talk to her!
(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(Silence)

I won! I saved Molly Hooper.

The screen flares back on. Eurus.

EURUS

Saved her? From what? Oh, be sensible - there were no explosives in her little house, why would I be so clumsy. You didn't win - you lost. Look what you did to her. And look what you did to yourself. All those complicated emotions - I lost count! Emotional context, Sherlock - it destroys you every time. Now please pull yourself together, I need you at peak efficiency - the next one isn't going to be so easy.

The door to the next room opens.

EURUS (CONT'D)

In your own time...

John and Mycroft wearily plod towards the door -

- but now John looks back. Sherlock, not moving.

JOHN

Sherlock?

Sherlock walks calmly over to the coffin -

- and with a great bellow of rage, kicks it over. Now smashing it to pieces. Rage and violence, unstoppable. Stamping on the shattered wood. It goes on and on ...

Mycroft and John watching.

Craning up from Sherlock, as he rages and whirls and smashes -

DISSOLVING TO:

83 EXT. SHERRINFORD ISLAND - DAY

83

Helicopter shot, pulling up and up from the island in the stormy sea.

CUT TO:

84 INT. SHERRINFORD - BLACK ROOM - DAY

84

The storm has passed. Sherlock, slumped on the floor, sitting with his back against the wall. A spent force.

John, stepping delicately towards him.

JOHN

I know it's difficult, but you've got to keep it together. She's torturing you.

SHERLOCK

This isn't torture, it's vivisection. We are witnessing science from the perspective of a lab rat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(A beat; smiles)

Soldiers?

JOHN

Soldiers.

John helps him up. On this, as if responding to the return to action.

Sherlock leads the way through. As they head through the door:

TANNOY VOICE

Tick tock, tickets please.

CUT TO:

85 INT. SHERRINFORD - EMPTY ROOM - DAY

85

A cell like the others, but quite empty - except for the Eurus on the monitor.

Sherlock, looking round, still raw.

SHERLOCK

Hey, sis! Don't want to complain, but this one's empty. What happened, did you run out of ideas?

CUT TO:

85A INT. SHERRINFORD - SPECIAL UNIT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

85A

Eurus, watching the screens, more rapt than ever.

EURUS

It's not empty, Sherlock. You've still got the gun, haven't you?

SHERLOCK

The gun?

CUT TO:

85B INT. SHERRINFORD. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

85B

Intercut with Eurus as required.

EURUS

I told you you'd need it. Because
only two can play at the next game.

Sherlock, John and Mycroft exhausted, exchanging glances.
What the hell does she mean now?

EURUS (CONT'D)

Just two of you go on from here.
Your choice. It's make your mind up
time. Whose help do you need the
most - John or Mycroft?

SHERLOCK

Why do I need the gun?

EURUS

It's an elimination round. You
choose one - and kill the other.

A terrible silence.

EURUS (CONT'D)

You have to choose. Family or
friend. Mycroft or John Watson.

She smiles.

TANNOY MORIARTY

(Louder)

Tick! Tock!

On Sherlock: looking so defeated.

Mycroft, registering his brother's condition. He now speaks to his sister.

MYCROFT

Eurus. Enough.

EURUS

Not yet, I think. But nearly.

The three men look at each other.

Then -

MYCROFT

Well?

SHERLOCK

Well what?

MYCROFT

(laughs)

We're not actually going to discuss this, are we?

(To John)

I'm sorry, Dr. Watson. You are a fine man in many respects.

(To Sherlock)

Make your goodbyes, and shoot him.

Beat.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Shoot him.

JOHN

What?

MYCROFT

Shoot Dr. Watson! There's no question of who has to continue. It's us. You and me. Whatever lies ahead it requires brain power, Sherlock, not sentiment. Don't prolong his agony - shoot him.

Sherlock looks at John. He is taking the gun from his belt.

JOHN

Hang on, don't I get a bloody say in this?

MYCROFT

Today we are soldiers. Soldiers die for their country. I regret, Dr. Watson, that privilege is now yours.

Sherlock, frowning, looking at the gun in his hand.

JOHN

... shit. He's right. He is, in fact, right.

MYCROFT

Make it swift. No need for him to suffer. Get it over with and we can get to work.

But Sherlock doesn't move.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Oh God. I might have expected this. Pathetic. Eurus is right. You always were the slow one. Always the idiot. And that's why I've always despised you. You shame us all. You shame the family name. Now for once in your life do the right thing. Put this stupid little man out of all our misery. **Shoot him!!**

SHERLOCK

(So softly)

Stop it.

MYCROFT

Look at him! What is he? Nothing more than a distraction. A little scrap of ordinariness for you to show off to and dazzle with your cleverness. You can find another.

SHERLOCK

Please, for God's sake, stop it.

MYCROFT

Why?

SHERLOCK

Because, on balance, even your Lady Bracknell was more convincing.

Mycroft's face flickers - exposed, so soon.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

(To John)

Ignore everything he's said. He's being kind. He's trying to make it easier for me to kill him.

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
(Raises his gun, aims it
at Mycroft)
Which is going to make this so much
harder.

A terrible silence. The two brothers. Eyes locked.

Mycroft looks at the gun, nods. Brave at the last.

MYCROFT
You said you liked my Lady
Bracknell.

JOHN
... Sherlock ... don't ...

MYCROFT
It's not your decision, Dr. Watson.
(To Sherlock)
Not in the face, though, please.
I've promised my brain to the Royal
Society.

SHERLOCK
(gently)
Where would you suggest?

MYCROFT
Well, I suppose there is a heart
somewhere inside me. I don't
imagine it's much of a target, but
why don't we try for that? No
flowers. By request.

JOHN
No. I won't allow this. You're the
smart one, you're the right soldier
for this mission.

MYCROFT
I was never the right soldier. This
is my fault.
(To Sherlock)
Moriarty.

SHERLOCK
... what?

MYCROFT
Her Christmas treat. Five minutes
conversation with Jim Moriarty,
five years ago.

SHERLOCK
What did they say.

Mycroft swallows hard. The hardest admission.

MYCROFT

Five minutes conversation ...
unsupervised.

On Sherlock: this is almost enough to make him pull the trigger.

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Good bye, brother mine. For the greater good.

Sherlock standing there, the gun leveled.

EURUS

This is very interesting. Jim Moriarty thought you'd make this choice - he was very excited.

TANNOY MORIARTY

And here we are, the end of the line. Holmes killing Holmes. This is where I get off.

On Sherlock: the voice of his hated enemy. Finally, it's too much.

SHERLOCK

Five minutes. It took five minutes for her to do this to all of us. Well. Not on my watch.

And very deliberately he lowers the gun.

EURUS

What are you doing?

SHERLOCK

A few minutes ago a very brave man asked to be remembered.

(Places the gun under his
own chin)

I'm remembering the governor. 10
... 9 ... 8 ...

EURUS

Oh, Sherlock you can't - you don't know about Redbeard yet.

SHERLOCK

7 ... 6 ... 5 ...

EURUS

Sherlock, *stop that at once!!*

A *pfft* noise. Sherlock's hand slaps to his neck

There's a dart.

Sherlock starts to reel, his legs buckling, grimly keeps counting.

SHERLOCK

... 4 ... 3 2

And crashes to the floor.

CUT TO:

86

INT. CELL - NIGHT.

86

THE GIRL

(V.O.)

Hello?

Darkness.

SHERLOCK opens his eyes a fraction. Gradually focuses.

There's a single light - warm, yellowy.

He's sitting in the middle of another Sherrinford cell. This one is stained, older-looking, the walls black with damp.

On a metal table: an old fashioned lantern, its flame sputtering.

Sherlock rubs his face. Groans.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

Hello, please, are you still there?

How can he hear her? He puts a hand to his head - he's wearing an earpiece.

SHERLOCK

Yes. I'm here.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

You went away. You said you'd help me and you went away.

SHERLOCK

I'm sorry. We...we were cut off.
How long was I away?

THE GIRL

Hours! Hours and hours!

Sherlock is immediately alert. *Fuck!!*

CUT TO:

87

INT. PLANE - NIGHT.

87

The Girl looks forlorn. The plane rattles and rocks around her. (We now intercut with the cell.)

THE GIRL

Why don't grown ups tell the truth?

She cries softly.

SHERLOCK

I am telling the truth. You can trust me.

THE GIRL
Where did you go?

SHERLOCK
I'm not completely sure!

SHERLOCK picks up the candle and sweeps it round the darkened cell.

Pasted all over the walls, photograph after photograph. Young Sherlock, young Mycroft, Mr and Mrs Holmes. But no Eurys...

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Okay. Now you're going to have to be very brave. I need you to go to the front of the plane, ok?

THE GIRL
The front?

SHERLOCK
Yes.

THE GIRL
You mean where the driver is?

SHERLOCK
That's right.

THE GIRL
Ok. I'm going.

Sherlock moves over to the wall.

There's a small window in the cell. Beyond - a looming darkness, lights disappearing into the distance.

SHERLOCK
Are you there?

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Are you there yet?

Beat.

JOHN (V.O.)
I'm here.

SHERLOCK
John??

JOHN (V.O.)
Yes.

SHERLOCK
Where are you?

JOHN (V.O.)
Don't know. It's totally dark, I
just woke up. Where are you?

SHERLOCK
Another cell. I was talking to the
girl on the plane again - we've
been out for hours.

JOHN (V.O.)
She's still up there?

SHERLOCK
Yes. Can you make out anything at
all? Is Mycroft with you?

CUT TO:

88

INT. WELL - NIGHT.

88

With JOHN.

Hardly a glimmer of light. Just dankness. The dripping of
water. Intercut with Sherlock.

JOHN
I don't think so. There's no light.
(Calling out)
Mycroft? Mycroft?

No answer.

SHERLOCK
Are you ok?

JOHN
I'm ok.

SHERLOCK
Keep exploring. Tell me everything
you can about where you are.

John feels around.

JOHN
The walls are rough. Rock. And wet.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That was...brave.

SHERLOCK
What was?

JOHN
What you did back there.

SHERLOCK

The only logical approach. What are you standing on?

JOHN

Stone, I think. But there's about six inches of water. You couldn't kill your brother.

SHERLOCK

There was no need.

JOHN

But you couldn't do it. You couldn't shoot him.

CUT TO:

89

INT. CELL - NIGHT.

89

SHERLOCK

That wasn't the issue. This is all about me. All for my benefit. Stage managed. Showbiz.

He gets down on the floor with the candle, peers at the point where the wall joins the floor.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

If I threatened to take myself out of the picture, Eurus wouldn't have her game. It was a chain of pure reasoning. And also...

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I couldn't kill him.

This is a moment. A revelation.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean Eurus hasn't. Anything else there?

JOHN (V.O.)

Chains.

(heavily)

My feet are chained up. And -

SHERLOCK

Yes?

JOHN

I can feel something else.

90 INT. WELL - NIGHT.

90

JOHN is scrambling around in the water at his feet.

JOHN
Bones, Sherlock. There are bones in here.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
What kind of bones?

JOHN
Small...

CUT TO:

91 INT. CELL - NIGHT.

91

SHERLOCK peers into the shadows. He sees...

...a weathered old dog bowl. He turns it round, to see - in childish writing - REDBEARD.

SHERLOCK
Redbeard...

THE GIRL (V.O.)
Who's Redbeard?

The Girl's back.

SHERLOCK
Oh, hello. Are you at the front of the plane now?

CUT TO:

92 INT. PLANE - NIGHT.

92

THE GIRL
Yes. But I still can't wake the driver.

The Girl is in the cockpit. The two pilots are slumped in their seats.

SHERLOCK (V.O.)
That's ok. What can you see now?

Blazing through the window - London at night! The bomber's view, the snaking river.

THE GIRL
I can see a river. There's a big wheel.

This impacts on Sherlock.

SHERLOCK

Okay. We're going to drive the plane, you and me.

THE GIRL

We are?

SHERLOCK

Yeah. There's nothing to it. Now, we need to get in touch with someone on the ground. Can you see anything that looks like a radio?

The Girl looks at the baffling controls.

THE GIRL

No.

SHERLOCK

Okay, keep looking. We've got plenty of time.

The girl screams as the plane judders and shakes.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

THE GIRL

The whole plane is shaking.

SHERLOCK

That's turbulence, nothing to worry about.

THE GIRL

My ears hurt.

SHERLOCK

Right. Does it look like the river's getting close.

THE GIRL

A little bit.

SHERLOCK

Right then. You're nearly home. We just need to talk to some people on the ground. Then we can get you down safely, alright?

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Hello?

JOHN (V.O.)
I think I'm in a well.

SHERLOCK
John?

JOHN (V.O.)
That's where I am. The bottom of a well.

SHERLOCK
Ding-dong-dell...

JOHN (V.O.)
Don't even go there.

SHERLOCK
Why would there be a well in Sherrinford.

JOHN
Well it's an old building ...

He sweeps up the lantern and illuminates the walls.

SHERLOCK
The lantern's flickering. Why?
There's air getting in, here at the back, where there shouldn't be any draft.

He peers into the shadowed corner of the cell. Just visible, a crack of light.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
There's light bleeding in too.
The cell walls don't meet up properly.

He drops to his knees.

Sherlock vision: a small painted line on the floor just in front of the wall.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Walls don't contract after they've been painted. Not real ones, anyway.

JOHN (V.O.)
What are you talking about?

He walks over to the wall, places his hands flat on it. And pushes.

The wall just falls ...

CUT TO:

93

EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT

93

Pull back to reveal the cell is a set standing in moonlight, He's outside somewhere.

SHERLOCK moves round to the side. The 'view' through the window is in fact a frame in false perspective, smaller and smaller lights disappearing into the dark.

Angrily, he pushes the frame over.

SHERLOCK

(shouting)

Eurus, enough of this. There's a plane about to crash on London. You wouldn't be teasing if there wasn't a chance I could stop it. Tell me what you want. *Tell me!*

As speaks, he's stepped from the cell, looked round. And now breaks off staring. Oh God! *Oh God!*

JOHN (V.O.)

Sherlock? What's happened? Where are you?

SHERLOCK

(awed)

I'm home.

Beat.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

This is Musgrave Hall!

Hero shot: sinister in the moonlight before him, Musgrave Hall, the family home of the Holmes!

From the earpiece, Eurus' voice -

EURUS (O.S.)
Me and Jim Moriarty - we got on
like a house on fire. Which
reminded me of home, of course.
This old place!

SHERLOCK
(Striding towards the
hall)
Yeah, I don't care, it's just an
old building. The plane, tell me
about the plane, *now!*

EURUS (O.S.)
Sweet Jim, he was never very
interested in being alive.
Especially if he could make more
trouble dead.

CUT TO:

Flash!

Jim Moriarty's video message:

JIM
Miss me?

CUT TO:

SHERLOCK
Yeah, still don't care - the plane.

EURUS (O.S.)
You knew he'd take his revenge. His
revenge, apparently, is *me* - and I
don't even know what revenge is.

Sherlock now at the door. Pushing his way through.

CUT TO:

93A INT. MUSGRAVE HALL/HALLWAY - DAY

93A

The same hallway we saw before, but desolate, darkened. A few
candles flicker. Clearly Euruss's work.

SHERLOCK
Please, listen to me. I need to
talk to the girl on the plane, then
I'll play any game you like.

EURUS (O.S.)
First - find Redbeard!

And a huge bank of screens along the side of the wall blaze
into life!

On the screens - lurid in green night vision - JOHN, at the bottom of a well.

Sherlock's eyes widen.

EURUS (CONT'D)

I'm letting the water in now. You don't want me to drown another of you pets, do you? At long last, Sherlock Holmes, it's time to solve the Musgrave ritual. Your very first case. And *the final problem*. Bye bye!

He touches his hand to his ear-piece.

SHERLOCK
John? John, can you hear me? *JOHN?*

THE GIRL
(V.O.)
Who's John.

SHERLOCK
Ok. Ok. Where were we?

CUT TO:

94 INT. PLANE - NIGHT.

94

THE GIRL
There's no one on the radio.
Nobody. I tried. Just a rushing
noise. Like a waterfall or
something.

From the controls: static.

CUT TO:

95 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT.

95

The same rushing sound of static. Or is it?

JOHN (V.O.)
Sherlock!

SHERLOCK
John?

JOHN (V.O.)
Flooding! The well's flooding.

SHERLOCK
John, as far as possible, don't
drown.

JOHN (V.O.)
What??

SHERLOCK
I'll find you, I am finding you!

On the monitor: JOHN, the water rising around him.

The screen flickers and there's EURUS.

EURUS
"I that am lost, oh who will find
me?"
(MORE)

EURUS (CONT'D)

Deep down below the old beech tree.
Help succour me now the east winds
blow. Sixteen by six, brother, and
under we go!"

CUT TO:

96 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT.

96

Suddenly, a light flares into life. Illuminating the ancient well in which JOHN is trapped.

EURUS (V.O.)

*"Be not afraid to walk in the shade
Save one, save all, come try!
My steps - five by seven
Life is closer to Heaven
Look down, with dark gaze, from on
high..."*

John screws up his eyes against the unexpected light, taking in his predicament.

Water is trickling fast through the mottled brickwork.

Intercut between John and Sherlock.

JOHN

So there was a well? Near your house?

SHERLOCK

Apparently.

JOHN

Well hurry up and find it, cos I don't have long!

He looks upwards - and starts climbing.

CUT TO:

97 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT.

97

EURUS ON SCREEN

*"Before he was gone - right back
over my hill. Who now will find
him? Why, nobody will. Doom shall I
bring to him, I that am queen
Lost forever, nine by nineteen."*

THE GIRL

(V.O.)

Help me! Help me, please!

CUT TO:

98 INT. PLANE - NIGHT.

98

The Girl looks down in horror.

The plane is banking sharply.

THE GIRL

It's leaning over! The whole plane.

She screams!

CUT TO:

99 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT.

99

SHERLOCK whirling one way, then the other. He doesn't know what to do, where to run first!

CUT TO:

100 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT.

100

JOHN has made it a few feet up the rocky wall but it's treacherous, slick with water. He tries to stay put but falls back heavily into the rapidly rising water.

At his feet, the disturbed bones of Redbeard.

Suddenly, in the dim light, John sees something that appalls him.

He reaches down into the water.

CUT TO:

101 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT.

101

SHERLOCK

I went through your ritual, Eurus, line by line. All those years ago. But I couldn't find anything. Nothing at all. There was a beech tree. Out in the grounds. I dug and dug. Sixteen feet by six. Sixteen metres. Sixteen paces. But there was nothing. No-one.

Beat.

EUROS ON SCREEN

"Without your love, he'll be
gone before. Save pity for
strangers, show love the
door. My soul seek the shade
of my willow's bloom
Inside, brother mine -
Let Death make a room."

JOHN (V.O.)

Sherlock?

EURUS ON SCREEN

It was a clever little puzzle. So why couldn't you work it out, Sherlock?

JOHN (V.O.)

SHERLOCK?! You need to know something!!

EURUS ON SCREEN

Context. Emotional context. And here it comes.

CUT TO:

102 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT.

102

The water is rising inexorably around JOHN.

Despite this, John is gazing at something in his hand. We can't yet make out what it is.

JOHN

The bones I found.

CUT TO:

103 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT.

103

SHERLOCK

A dog's bones, I know. That's Redbeard!

JOHN

Mycroft's been lying to you. To both of us.

SHERLOCK

Oh, well he always lies, he's a corkscrew in human form.

JOHN

This time he's been protecting you.
(A beat)
They're not dog's bones.

EURUS ON SCREEN

Remember Daddy's allergy? What was he allergic to? What would he never let you have - all those times you begged. He'd never let you have a dog.

On Sherlock: what?? God, that's true.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. RIVERBANK. - DAY.

104

Flashback.

The riverside again. The three children laughing and splashing about. Sunlight dazzling on the water. Redbeard sitting contentedly - Eurus running round and round him.

Little Sherlock in his pirate hat.

Looking at Redbeard and smiling.

Redbeard looks at him.

EURUS

(O.S.)

Your funny little memory, Sherlock.
You were upset - so you told
yourself a better story. But we
never had a dog.

106 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT.

106

The water is thundering down onto JOHN. But he's just gazing at the object in his hands.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. RIVERBANK. - DAY.

107

Back to the riverside.

Now we're following Eurus as she runs in big circles round the dog, the little toy in her hand.

We stay on Eurus, losing the dog as she runs. As she circles past him again -

- suddenly Redbeard isn't a dog any more.

He's another little boy with bright ginger hair - VICTOR.

Also wearing a pirate hat. He raises a wooden cutlass and roars -

VICTOR

Come on, Captain Yellowbeard! We
can take the ship and all her
treasure. Quick! *Quick!*

He dashes off.

SHERLOCK
Wait, Redbeard! WAIT!!

Little Sherlock follows.

Behind him, little EURUS, still running around, with the little toy in her hand.

On Victor as he turns to look back. On his face we

CUT TO:

108 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT. 108

A small human skull, held in John's hand.

CUT TO:

109 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT. 109

SHERLOCK
Victor...

EURUS
Now it's coming...

SHERLOCK
Victor Trevor. We played pirates.

EURUS
Incessantly.

SHERLOCK
I was Yellowbeard and he...he was Redbeard.

EURUS
You were inseparable. But I wanted to play too.

SHERLOCK
(appalled)
What...what did you do?

EURUS
(sings)
"I that am lost, oh who will find me? Deep down below..."

CUT TO:

110 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - DAY. 110

Flashback.

Instead of John, there's little VICTOR, looking around, scared.

VICTOR
Please! Let me out! Please someone
help me! *PLEASE!!!*

CUT TO:

111 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT. 111

On SHERLOCK. Everything flooding back.

CUT TO:

Little Sherlock - traumatised.

The ripple effect (from The Six Thatchers) plays over his face.

CUT TO:

The swimming pool (from The Great Game). Moriarty. The ripple of the water.

CUT TO:

Reichenbach (from the Abominable Bride). The thundering waters...

CUT TO:

Back to our SHERLOCK. The same rippling, watery effect.

SHERLOCK
You killed him. You killed my best
friend.

EURUS
I never had a best friend. I had no
one.

CUT TO:

112 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT. 112

JOHN is listening to all this, frantically processing The water rises, rises...

EURUS' voice echoes round the well.

EURUS
No one...no one...

CUT TO:

113 EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

113

Physical flashback.

Sherlock, standing by the river. Little EurUS running in big circles round him.

LITTLE EURUS
Play with me, Sherlock. Play with me!

But Sherlock's gaze is riveted on the toy in her hand. A little cartoonish toy plane. And the truth is dawning. And it's sad.

SHERLOCK
Okay.

114 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT.

114

And SHERLOCK tears from the hall.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT.

115

SHERLOCK races from the ruined house and through the undergrowth until he reaches -

- the family plot.

He shines his lantern over the tumbledown gravestones with their blurred names and dates.

Except the dates aren't blurred.

They're oddly sharp.

SHERLOCK
"The Cyclops asked Odysseus - "Who are you?"

THE GIRL (V.O.)
Hello. Are you there?

SHERLOCK
Need your help. I'm trying to solve a puzzle.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
But what about the plane.

SHERLOCK
The puzzle will save the plane.
"And Odysseus replied - "Nemo".
Latin for...no-one.

He scans the gravestones, frowning.

The one recognisable name - NEMO HOLMES. 1617-1822 (aged 32)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
These dates. They don't make sense.
They've been altered. Re-carved.

JOHN
(V.O.)
Is this strictly relevant??

CUT TO:

116 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT

116

John, the water rising, he's still trying to scramble up from it.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL. GROUNDS - NIGHT

117

SHERLOCK
Yes, it is. I'll be right with you.

Sherlock's POV:

The rest of the dates on the gravestones.

134?-1719

28/9/1520

1818 (aged 24 and 26)

NEMO HOLMES

1617- 1822 (aged 32)

The numbers appear on screen.

And now they rearrange themselves.

134 1719 28 9 1520 1818 24 26 1617 1822 32

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

The numbers correspond to words.
The words in the Musgrave ritual.
The ritual itself is meaningless,
but somewhere in there, there's a
cypher. A message.

CUT TO:

118 INT. PLANE - NIGHT

118

The Girl in the cockpit, the blazing city, closer and closer.

THE GIRL

What message? The lights are
getting closer.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL. GROUNDS - NIGHT

119

SHERLOCK

Hush now, working.

He stares at the gravestones. As he repeats the ritual, the
words appear on screen. Some of them highlighted, according
to the numbers on the stones.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

"I that **am lost**, oh who will find
me?
Deep down below the old beech tree.
Help succour **me** now the east winds
blow. Sixteen by six, **brother**, and
under we go!

Be not afraid to walk in the shade
Save one, save all, come try!
My steps - five by seven
Life is closer to Heaven
Look down, with dark gaze, from on
high.

Before he was gone - right back
over **my** hill.
Who now will find him? Why, nobody
will.
Doom shall I bring to him, **I** that
am queen. **Lost** forever, nine by
nineteen.

Without your love, he'll be gone
before. **Save** pity for strangers,
show love the door. **My soul seek**
the shade of **my** willow's bloom

(MORE)

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)
Inside, brother mine -
Let Death make a **room**."

Close on Sherlock: yep, he's right.

And now these words rearrange themselves on screen.

I AM LOST

HELP ME BROTHER

SAVE MY LIFE

BEFORE MY DOOM

I AM LOST

WITHOUT YOUR LOVE

SAVE MY SOUL

SEEK MY ROOM

Beneath those words, we're seeing Sherlock racing towards the house. He's triumphant, he knows he's won!

CUT TO:

120 INT. PLANE - NIGHT

120

The Girl, scared stiff - London so terrifying close.

THE GIRL
I'm going to crash, I'm going to
die.

CUT TO:

121 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT

121

Sherlock racing up stairs, along corridors.

SHERLOCK
I think it's time to tell me your
name.

CUT TO:

122 INT. PLANE - NIGHT.

122

The plane is banking at almost forty five degrees now.

The Girl sits in the cockpit, arms gripping the jump-seat.

Through the window, the lights of London screaming closer, closer.

THE GIRL

I'm not allowed to tell my name to strangers.

CUT TO:

123 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT

123

Sherlock running along an upstairs landing, towards a door.

SHERLOCK

But I'm not a stranger, am I?

CUT TO:

124 INT. PLANE - NIGHT

124

The Girl, terrified in her seat, seconds from death. A voice from behind her.

SHERLOCK

I'm your brother.

The Girl looks up. Impossibly, there's SHERLOCK.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm here, Eurus.

And -

SNAP!!

The plane disappears and we're --

CUT TO:

125 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. EURUS' ROOM - NIGHT.

125

-- inside EURUS' room, just as we saw in the flashback but ruined by fire.

Eurus sits in the middle of the floor, knees up to her chin, pathetic, tiny, scared. Eyes tight shut, in her own world.

Chillingly, when she speaks, it's with the voice of the little girl.

EURUS

You're playing with me, Sherlock.
We're playing the game.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

126

Briefest flash - little Euris, running in big circles round the little Sherlock, the plane in her hand.

CUT TO:

127 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. EURIS' ROOM - NIGHT

127

SHERLOCK

The game, yes. I get it now. The ritual was never a set of directions. It was a cry for help.

EURIS

(As girl)

I'm in the plane, and I'm going to crash. And you're going to save me
...

Sherlock, now sitting on the floor, taking her hand.

SHERLOCK

You see how clever you are? Your mind created the perfect metaphor. You're above us all, alone in the sky. You understand everything, except how to land. I'm just an idiot, but I'm on the ground - and I can bring you home.

EURIS

(Tears streaming; slowly reverting to her own voice)

No. Too late now, too late. Every time I close my eyes, I'm on the plane. I'm lost. I'm lost in the sky and no one can hear me.

SHERLOCK

Open your eyes. I'm here. You're not lost any more.

She opens her eyes. Looks to Sherlock with terrible, wild hope.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

You just went the wrong way last time, that's all. This time get it right. Tell me how to save my friend.

She's clinging to him now, sobbing her heart out. Will she help.

SHERLOCK (CONT'D)

Eurus. Help me save John Watson.

And shes's crying and crying and holding to him, so tight.

CUT TO:

128 INT. MUSGRAVE HALL. WELL - NIGHT.

128

JOHN - spitting out the water that's up to his mouth.

And suddenly, a lantern beam shines down on him.

He blinks in the glare.

A rope tumbles down into the water.

CUT TO:

129

EXT. MUSGRAVE HALL - NIGHT

129

Flashing blue lights, police, rescue services, vehicles a melee.

John in shock blanket, Sherlock with him. Lestrade is now joining them.

LESTRADE

Just spoke to your brother.

SHERLOCK

How is he?

LESTRADE

Bit shaken up, that's all. She didn't hurt him - just locked him in her old cell.

JOHN

What goes around, comes around.

LESTRADE

Give me a moment, guys.

Sherlock stops him for a moment.

SHERLOCK

Mycroft. Make sure he's looked after. He's not as strong as he thinks he is.

LESTRADE

I'll take care of it.

SHERLOCK

Thanks, Greg.

A beat as Lestrade goes - Sherlock has always known his name.

He heads away, towards the police vehicles, motions to a young police officer.

LESTRADE

Helicopter ready?

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

Yes, sir

LESTRADE

Let's move her then.

The Young Police Officer keeps glancing over to Sherlock.
Lestrade notes his interest, slightly amused.

YOUNG POLICE OFFER

Is that him, sir? Sherlock Holmes?

LESTRADE

Fan, are you?

YOUNG POLICE OFFER

Well. He's a great man, sir.

Lestrade looks over at Sherlock - just a hint of pride.

LESTRADE

No, he's better than that. He's a
good one.

He heads to his squad car.

On Sherlock, looking sombre. He's watching -

- Eurus, in handcuffs, being led towards a high security van.

Her head is lowered, there are tears on her face. She does
not look over at Sherlock, or at anyone.

On Sherlock, troubled. Like this is unresolved...

Eurus entering the van. The van doors close, definitively.

JOHN

You okay?

Sherlock, not sure what to say for a moment. Then:

SHERLOCK

I said I'd bring her home. But I
can't - can I?

JOHN

You gave her what she was looking
for. Context.

SHERLOCK

Is that good?

JOHN

It isn't good, it isn't bad. It is
what it is.

CUT TO:

130 INT. MYCROFT'S OFFICE - DAY.

130

A family at war. Mrs Holmes in full flow. Her anguished husband at her side, Mycroft blasted by his mother's wrath. Sherlock sits to one side, silent.

MRS HOLMES

Alive! Alive, for all these years.
How is this even possible??

MYCROFT

What Uncle Rudi began, I thought it
best to continue -

MRS HOLMES

I'm not asking how you did it,
idiot boy. I'm asking, how could
you??

MYCROFT

I was trying to be ... kind.

MRS HOLMES

Kind? *Kind*?? You told us our
daughter was dead.

MYCROFT

Better that, than tell you what
she'd become. I'm sorry.

MR HOLMES

(Calmer more controlled)
Whatever she became, whatever she
is now, Mycroft, she remains our
daughter.

Beat.

MYCROFT

And my sister.

MRS HOLMES

Then you should have done better.

Mycroft, about to speak. Realises that's crushingly right.

SHERLOCK

He did his best.

A moment between Mycroft and Sherlock - that was kind.

MRS HOLMES

Well then, he's very limited.

Mr Holmes turns to Sherlock.

MR HOLMES

Where is she?

Sherlock, still not speaking. Mycroft answers for him.

MYCROFT

Back in Sherrinford. Secure this
time. People have died.

(MORE)

MYCROFT (CONT'D)

Without doubt, she will kill again if she has the opportunity. There is no possibility she will ever be able to leave.

MR HOLMES

When can we see her?

MYCROFT

There's no point.

MRS HOLMES

How dare you say that.

MYCROFT

She won't talk. She won't communicate with anyone, in any way. She has passed beyond our view. There are no words that can reach her now.

Mrs Holmes looks at him coldly - her disappointing son. And looks to:

MRS HOLMES

Sherlock?

Sherlock looks up.

MRS HOLMES (CONT'D)

Well? You were always the grown-up.

On Sherlock: realising, to his own surprise, that that's true. Mycroft, slightly lowering his acknowledging the same.

MRS HOLMES (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

On Sherlock's face, thinking...

DISSOLVE TO:

131 EXT. SHERRINFORD ISLAND. HELIPAD - DAY.

131

A helicopter clatters over Sherrinford and lands.

A beat - and SHERLOCK gets out.

CUT TO:

132 INT. SHERRINFORD. CORRIDOR - DAY.

132

SHERLOCK is escorted through the endless corridors. Deeper and deeper into Sherrinford. He is carrying a holdall.

CUT TO:

133 INT. SHERRINFORD - EURUS'S CELL - DAY.

133

SHERLOCK reaches EURUS' cell. The glass is very much in place this time.

Eurus sits with her back to him. Silent.

The tiniest turn of her head makes it clear that she knows he's there - but she turns her head back. Not talking, not to anyone.

On Sherlock: unzipping the holdall.

On Euros: hears this, but still doesn't turn.

Then, a violin being tuned, and plucked. Readied.

Still doesn't turn.

Now the violin being playing. Something desperately sad.

This goes on for a little while. Finally, without turning.

EURUS

Put your head back a little.

Music stops.

On Sherlock. Not even a smile, he just does as he's told, resumes playing.

A little longer.

EURUS (CONT'D)

(Still not turning)

Your index finger is too loose on the grip.

Sherlock adjusts. Resumes.

EURUS (CONT'D)

No, from the beginning.

He starts again.

But now stands, turns, watches him.

EURUS (CONT'D)

Oh, Sherlock. You're bowing a violin, not sawing wood.

He stops. Looks just a little sulky. Even defiant. Well if you're so smart.

A standoff for a few beats -

- then Eurus goes to her violin, picks it up, plays a few achingly melancholy notes.

He responds with a few more notes.

She approves.

And together, teacher and pupil, they play their sad song.

The music continues over:

CUT TO:

134 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY 134

John sorting through his post. A thick white envelope takes his attention.

CUT TO:

135 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY 135

John on the phone.

 JOHN
 I think you'd better get round
 here.

Panning down to the contents of the envelope.

A DVD, with MISS YOU written on it.

CUT TO:

136 INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY 136

Sherlock and John in front of the TV, braced for something that's going to be tough.

On the TV. Mary, she smiles.

 MARY
 P.S.

CUT TO:

137 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY 137

Sherlock and Euris, still playing. By their clothes, it's another day. The music is still sad, but fuller now, more energetic. And they look at each other as they play. Teacher and pupil, still. She creates a phrase, he picks it up.

CUT TO:

138 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

138

MARY

I know you two. And if I'm gone, I know what you could become. Because I know who you really are. Well listen to me. Who you really are doesn't matter.

CUT TO:

139 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

139

Sherlock and John standing in the ruined, gutted flat.
Sherlock, pulling the bison's head from the rubble.
John pops the burnt out headphones on top of it.

CUT TO:

140 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

140

Another day. The music is still a little sad, but there's hope there, a new energy.

CUT TO:

141 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE

141

MARY

What matters is what everybody else thinks you are. *Knows* you are.

CUT TO:

142 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY

142

Mrs Hudson, delighted, as workman are hard at work,
reclaiming the ruin.

They're having to work round Sherlock, who is in his (new but similar) chair, on his laptop. He's talking to John, who is leaning over his shoulder - clearly they are on a case.

CUT TO:

143 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY

143

Another day, the two of them playing. The sadness is almost gone now, a new melody is forming - a familiar one.

CUT TO:

144 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE 144

MARY

There is a last refuge for the
desperate, the unloved, the
persecuted. There is a final court
of appeal for everyone.

CUT TO:

145 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY 145

Another day. The music speeding up, starting to soar,
becoming recognisably the theme tune...

CUT TO:

146 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 146

The flat is close to being the bare bones of what it was. The
famous wallpaper is being hung.

John is already spray-painting the smiley face back where it
should be. To one side, Sherlock is loading his gun. (A real
sense they're both enjoying themselves.)

CUT TO:

147 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE 147

MARY

There are two men sitting arguing
in a scruffy flat. Like they've
always been there and always will.

CUT TO:

148 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 148

The flat is back - tidier than we're used to, but it's all
there. A ceremonial moment - John holds a letter on the
mantel, and Sherlock slams a dagger into it. Mrs Hudson looks
pained.

CUT TO:

149 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY 149

Another day. Sherlock and Eurus, closer now, smiling. They're
playing the Sherlock action theme, fast and furious.

CUT TO:

150 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE 150

MARY

The best and wisest men I have ever known.

151 INT. 221B BAKER STREET - DAY 151

A blizzard of cases in one 360 shot. The ventriloquist client. A blackboard covered in dancing men. A dead Viking lying on the floor, as Sherlock and John examine him, and Mrs Hudson looking on in disgust, worrying about her carpets. John unwrapping a handkerchief to reveal a severed thumb. He quickly whisks it away from a grasping child's hand. Rosie, no a toddler, stumbles away towards Sherlock, who is clearly teaching her to walk ("Well done, very good!") Now Lestrade stumbling through the door, clearly in a crisis, beckoning them to follow. He races out again, revealing Molly is with him.

CUT TO:

152 INT. EURUS'S CELL - DAY 152

Sherlock and Eurus - the Sherlock theme, fast, furious, joyous!!

We're circling them now, as the music plays -

- slowly bringing into shot, Mr and Mrs Holmes, sitting a little distance behind Sherlock, listening to their children play, tears streaming down their faces. Mrs Holmes puts her hand out - and squeezes Mycroft's hand, who we now reveal is also sitting there. The Holmes family, together at last.

CUT TO:

153 MARY'S VIDEO MESSAGE 153

MARY

My Baker Street boys.

CUT TO:

154 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY. 154

SHERLOCK and JOHN come bursting through a doorway, ready for action, racing towards us - iconic action shot.

MARY

(V.O.)

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson!!!

Over this, final caption:

The Beginning...

END TITLES